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ABSTRACT

This volume, the third in the International Reading Association's Perspectives Series on literature for school age children, concerns the role of folklore and the types of folktales in several areas of the world. These papers were originally presented at IRA's Fifteenth Annual Convention held in Anaheim, California, in 1970. Several articles are devoted to folktales of the western hemisphere and those of Europe. One essay concerns the world folktale, and another the folktales of the Pacific area. An extensive bibliography of folklore and folktales completes the book. (Author/TO)

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Perspectives in Reading No. 15

FOLKLORE AND FOLKTALES AROUND THE WORLD

Compiled and Edited by

Ruth Kearney Carlson
California State College at Hayward

Prepared by the IRA Library and Literature Committee

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Foreword

THIS VOLUME, the third in the IRA Perspectives Series on literature for school age children, concerns the role of folklore and the types of folktales in several areas of the world. Edited by Ruth Kearney Carlson, the publication is preceded by *Children, Books, and Reading*, Mildred Dawson, Editor; and *Evaluating Books for Children and Young People*, Helen Huus, Editor. All volumes contain papers originally presented at perspectives conferences sponsored by the Association, the papers included here being from IRA's Fifteenth Annual Convention held in Anaheim, California, in 1970.

The contributors are uniquely qualified, for many of them know the tales in their original languages. Even though John Widdowson could not attend the Anaheim Conference, Rachel Potter arranged for a taped presentation of his paper.

Folktales have an enduring place in the literature of a people. They possess the qualities of good short stories everywhere: they each have an introduction, a body, and a conclusion. The introduction is usually terse and informative; it often tells the time, the place, the characters, and the problem—all in the first paragraph. The body, which may contain events in a series of three, develops the plot which rises to a climax, finds the solution of the problem, and follows with an anticlimax and conclusion. The story then ends in a completely satisfying manner with a phrase such as, ". . . and they lived happily ever after" or, ". . . and the last person who told this story is still alive."

The themes of folktales include wish-fulfillments of the common folk: a miller's daughter can spin straw into gold and wed the king; Cinderella can fit her foot into the glass slipper and wed the prince; and the underdog—the youngest or the simpleton—can lord it over his superiors. Common themes run through the folktales of different countries and deal with the plight of the youngest, the wicked stepmother, the husband who would do woman's work, three marriage tasks to be fulfilled, and riddles to guess. The virtues of honesty, curiosity, and kindness to men and animals are rewarded; and carelessness, pride, dishonesty, and greed are punished—or at least not rewarded.

The language of the folktale is often the vernacular, as opposed to that of the court or the "book language" of the literature; and dialect is sometimes used. The vocabulary is simple, direct, and vivid; the style contains repetition, alliteration, simile, and other figurative language. The tales were meant to be told, and any good storyteller knows that he loses his audience if he prolongs the descriptions at the expense of moving the action forward. The descriptions, hence, are necessarily terse, but the listener creates his own mental images with just enough suggestion in the telling. Certain character stereotypes do result, such as the beautiful princess, the handsome prince, the wicked witch, and the fairy godmother.

Magical creatures in different countries have specific interpretations, often as dependent upon the artist's illustrations as on the reader's imagination. Norwegian trolls, for example, are large, bumbly, ugly creatures of various types. Some are good, and some are not so good. They may have large noses, from which trees have been known to sprout. Sometimes they have three heads with perhaps only one eye for the heads to share. The "original" illustrator of trolls, Th. Kittelsen, is said to have scoffed at another's illustrations by remarking, "How could he possibly know how to draw a troll? *He's* never seen one!"

At the other end of the scale are the tiny creatures. Though it is very difficult to find an accurate description of elves, the *Americana Encyclopedia* says they are as long as a little girl's thumb, which is approximately two inches. Even this authoritative source, however, seems to have some reservations about the accuracy of this statement. But children who hear about the little elf who hid under a toadstool to keep from getting wet know he was large enough, but not too large, to fit underneath.

Folktales entertain; they inspire; they preserve the language for scholars to analyze and compare; and they form a kind of international common denominator as children in Spain or Peru realize that children in Turkey or Greece or the United States are reading the same stories (or a related version) in their own languages. So it will not, in the future, be so surprising to a girl from Bolivia to find that some of her schoolmates in an American private school also know her favorite, *The Little Half Chick* or *Perez and Martina*.

This little book brings to the attention of teachers and librarians and other interested individuals the rich resources available in folktales around the world. The IRA Library and Literature Committee, which has followed this project through to completion, is to be commended for its excellent work. This book fills a real need on a topic of contemporary interest and significance. The International Reading Association is pleased to present it.

HELEN HUUS, *President*
International Reading Association
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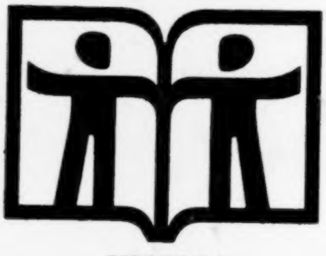

UNESCO

The International Reading Association attempts, through its publications, to provide a forum for a wide spectrum of opinion on reading. This policy permits divergent viewpoints without assuming the endorsement of the Association.

Introduction

THIS PERSPECTIVES VOLUME focuses upon folklore and folktales around the world and a few definitions of commonly used terminology about folklore and folktales may clarify some of the sections of this collection of papers.

Folklorists and literature specialists are usually interested in different aspects of the folktale. The *folklorist* is concerned with oral traditions and the oral transmission of a tale. The *literary scholar* considers the folktale as one of a particular literary genre or type. It is a story which has certain characteristics of the oral tale but one which is adorned with such literary embellishments as more colorful imagery, spritely dialogue, poetic language, or other forms of an aesthetic art. The folklorist, on the other hand, is principally interested in the authenticity of the tale, the source, and the informant or raconteur. He also compares tales related by people in different locations.

In addition to a classification of tales by types, many folklorists relate tales to certain motifs. Thompson, in *The Folktale,* defines a *motif* as "the smallest element in a tale having a power to persist in tradition." A motif has something unusual or noticeable about it. One class of motif refers to the actors in a tale, such as the gods or creatures like witches, ogres, and fairies—or even such conventionalized human characters as the stepmother. A second class of motif forms the basis of the action in the plot. This can be magical objects or strange customs and beliefs. A third class of motif is the single, distinctive incident of the tale.

Kenneth and Mary Clarke in their book *Introducing Folklore* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston) offer a few minimal definitions including *Märchen,* fairy tale, legend, etiological tale, fable, and myth.

Märchen is a German term referring to stories of wonders in which lowly heroes win fame and fortune in an unreal world of improbable characters. Such tales often include magical transformations, ogres, and superhuman feats of valor.

Another type of narrative is the *fairy tale*—a term which is used quite loosely. Originally, fairy tales were about little people in a supernatural world of fairy glades and delicate toadstools; or about people frolicking near crystal lakes and bubbling streams. Such little people might be fairies, elves, sprites, pixies, gnomes, dwarfs, brownies, leprechauns, menehunes, or duppies. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is a typical fairy tale. Many fairy tales are about magical events and different sized characters. A fairy tale is usually a story in which some supernatural force aids the hero or heroine in solving problems.

Myths are often stories of gods and supernatural beings which explain natural phenomena. They help man adjust to his universe and the unseen powers in it. Most of the Indian tribes of America—Navajos, Hopis, Zunis—have had shamans or storytellers relate their myths. The *etiological* tale or *pourquoi* narrative explains the origin of a natural object or characteristic such as "Why the Skunk Has Its Odor," or "How Echo Came to the Mountain Caves."

A *legend* is a story about persons, places, or events involving a real or pretended belief or person. Often a particular mountain cave, a pair of sentinel rocks, or a twisted, distorted tree becomes the site of a legend. Some legends involve religious saints and royal or military rulers. Legends have been created about King Arthur, Roland, Gilgamesh, and other heroic figures.

The *fable* is an animal tale told with a moral purpose. Sometimes a maxim is attached at the end of the story; at other times, the lesson is interlinked in the story lines. Famous collections of fables are the *Panchatantra* and *Aesop's Fables*. In most fables, the animals are humanized and symbolize particular character attributes such as the sly fox, the stupid bear, or the swift, tricky rabbit.

Some tales told in the United States are based on lies and exaggerations. Known as *tall tales,* these stories are about such people as Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, John Henry, or Mose, the Fireman. All of these heroes perform superhuman feats, and the storyteller's style consists of much use of the hyperbole to embellish the events of the tale.

In a stimulating article entitled "Folklore as a Mirror of Culture," which appeared in the April 1969 issue of *Elementary English*, Alan Dundes stated that folklore is the mirror of culture, for it is a way of "seeing another culture *from the inside out* instead of *from the outside in.*"

While perusing these papers about folktales of oral and literary tradition, it is hoped that readers will lose some of their ethnocentrism and learn to appreciate the contributions which the folktale offers toward a better understanding of the peoples of the world.

R.K.C.

THE WORLD FOLKTALE

World Understanding through the Folktale

Ruth Kearney Carlson
California State College at Hayward

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, attention has focused upon the origin of things—the creation of the world or early beginnings. As man thought about the creation of the world, various superstitious and primitive beliefs arose concerning how the world came to be and how animals and mankind found their places on this planet. This volume presents some folktales from the vast collections of the world and suggests ways that such tales can be created imaginatively with young readers and adolescents.

CREATION TALES

Appearing in Leach's *The Beginning, Creation Myths Around the World* (*45*) is a Rumanian tale, "The Mountains and the Valleys," which tells how God finished making the heavens and after measuring them with a ball of thread decided to create earth to fit below. Mole wanted to help and held the thread as god wove the earth, but Mole was too generous and let out more and more thread until finally earth was too large to fit under the heavens. Then Bee was sent to find Mole and suggest what could be done. Mole, who was hiding in darkness, said that the earth should be taken up and squeezed so the mountains would stick up and the valleys would sink down and in this way earth would be smaller. Creation tales of the North American, Central American, and South American

Indians are also included in this volume. The final tale is "At the World's End," a tale of Tierra del Fuego. Other tales from Africa, Oceania, Siberia, and the Ainu and classical tales, such as ones from Egypt, India, China, Japan, and Greece, are included.

Mankind has looked at the heavens and noted the sun and the moon and the stars and wondered how the universe came to be. Jablow and Withers (*40*) have collected sky tales from many lands in *The Man in the Moon.* In "Fox and Raven Steal the Moon," as told by the Kutchin Indians of Canada, the moon, a big round ball resembling seal fat, is hidden by Bear under his bed, as he prefers darkness. Fox and Raven visit Bear, and Raven tells tales to make Bear drowsy. Meanwhile, Fox keeps searching for the moon. Finally, when Bear is asleep, Fox grabs the moon, rushes outside, and hurls the moon into the sky. A tale from Papua entitled "The Man Who Paddled to the Moon's House" tells how a native meets Canumi, the Moon, and learns how he lives in a world of whiteness; how in another place lives Night, who is all in darkness, while at the home of Sun, everything—such as the house, grounds, and garden—is red.

Several poetic literary tales of early beginnings appear in beautifully illustrated volumes edited by Belting. *The Earth is on a Fish's Back, Tales of Beginnings* (*6*) is mostly organized into *pourquois*-type tales, such as "How Men Learned to Build Houses" and "How Spider Taught Women to Weave" and such stories as "How It Came that There is a Sun and Moon" and "Why the Sun is Brighter than the Moon." In each instance the origin of the tale is indicated; for example, "Why There are Shooting Stars" is a tale told by one of the Indian tribes of California. In the beginning Coyote, one of the greatest dancers of all, who, after having looked up into the skies and having seen the stars dancing in the beauty of the evening, went up to the highest hills and begged the stars to dance with him. The stars only laughed at him, but Coyote begged and pleaded. The red star wondered how Coyote could dance with them; the blue star remarked that Coyote was on earth and the stars were in the sky; and the yellow star said that the stars could not dance on earth while the north star remarked that it was impossible for Coyote to dance in the sky. In pity, the south star leaned down and ordered Coyote to reach up his paw. So Coyote reached up his paw and stretched and stretched toward the south star who swung toward Coyote to grasp him. Then swinging Coyote through the sky, south star speeded up her dance and whirled around and around the sky until Coyote was breathless with exhaustion. Finally, unable to hold onto the star any longer, he fell to earth into a deep hole.

A second volume by Belting is *The Stars are Silver Reindeer* (*7*). This is an artistic volume which relates a tale by the Yuchi Indians of southeastern United States, one by the Polynesians, and another by the Indians of Brazil. The poetic imagery is beautiful. For instance, in Babylonia, Marduk hurls down the dragons of darkness and fashions a canopy of skin across the sky. He sets the stations of the sun and its path through the heavens and orders the sun to rise from the eastern gate and set in the western one.

In a third volume by Belting, *Calendar Moon* (*8*), man observes the moon, the sun, and the changing seasons. The Klamath Indians of northwestern United States counted the moon from the time of wild berry picking. The Kewa Indians of southwestern United States visualized the sun as coming in white deerskin robes with many beads and a shining mask hiding his brillant face. A Chinese man noted the fragrance of the air in early spring when a warm drowsiness made him feel that the moon was a sleepy one.

Most of the tales in Robertson's (*54*) *Fairy Tales from Viet Nam* were sent in letters by a war refugee, Nguyen Dink Thuan, to his foster mother in the United States. One of the stories in this collection is "Chu Choi's Trip to the Moon." It tells of poor Chu Choi's being in the forest and noting some tiger cubs playing like kittens. He captures them one by one, ties their four feet together, and hangs them on a carrying pole so he can take them to his home. Along comes the mother tiger who chases Choi up a tree. She releases the cubs by chewing through the vines and then takes mouthfuls of green leaves to cure the wounded legs of the cubs. Chu Choi notes her marvelous cures and the tree with the magical leaves, so he digs it up and carries it to his cottage. The emperor's daughter becomes deathly ill, and after many difficulties and thrashings by the emperor's guard, Chu Choi is allowed to visit the princess. He presses some of the magic leaves into her mouth. She immediately becomes well, and Chu Choi marries her and acquires a rich castle as well. In his courtyard, however, his magical tree grows so large that there is little room for a flower garden, so his wife decides to get rid of the bothersome tree. One day as she commences digging around the roots of the magic tree, the tree suddenly begins to pull out of the ground. The greatly alarmed Chu Choi sees the moving tree, rushes to it, and manages to grasp one root. With a sudden jerk the tree goes way up into the sky where Chu Choi and the tree finally land on the moon. You might even see him up there now if you look carefully.

Maui, a Polynesian folk hero, performs legendary feats of great power similar to those of Ulysses or Hercules. One of his greatest feats is the capture of the sun as depicted in "Snaring the Sun" (*37*). The legend tells how the Hawaiians liked to cook their meat in the pit or emu style with steaming banana leaves but how the sun went so rapidly that the food was usually poorly cooked. Maui decides to snare the sun in a noose so his people can have more cooking time. But most of the people fear the brightness of the sun's light and the fierceness of its heat. Maui boasts to his brothers about his prowess, and they agree to help him. They braid and twist ropes into a noose, and Maui tears out his long hairs which are his power source and binds the net together. Then Maui takes his canoe and his enchanted weapon and paddles eastward to the site of the rising sun. Maui and his brothers dig holes and implant stakes of huge iron wood to hold down the net. Then Maui takes his enchanted weapon, the jawboned ancestress Ranganua, and watches for the powerful Ra to rise from his hiding place. When it passes into the noose, he pulls it tight as the monster roars with rage; Maui strikes him fiercely with his magical weapon, the jawbone, and thus releases bright rays to warm the island world. Man refuses to release Ra until he promises that he will travel more slowly across the heavens.

Another single tale about the moon is in a beautifully illustrated book, *The Buried Moon* (*41*). This is an English tale of the dark world when the moon fails to shine. Creatures that dwell in darkness, such as the Boggles and Crawling Horrors, creep around causing much fear. The moon decides to investigate the darkened world, so she throws on a cloak and hood and steps down into the bogs. Here a great fight rages, and the moon is buried. The rescue of the moon from the bog makes a charming story.

In discussing some of the world folktales, suggestions will be made on ways children and adolescents might involve themselves in meaningful, related activities. It is possible that a child who is led on a quest of the myths and tales of the creation of the universe and the wonders of both primitive and modern man toward its mysteries can better understand the cultural traditions of the nonscientific mind of early man. Each child can select a different creation myth or *pourquois* tale and design an imaginative scene from the volume. These can be painted in a class mural, Myths of Creation, with a three-line synthesis of each tale at the bottom of the picture. Or, each scene can be placed on a roller movie with narration on a tape retelling a story in a child's own words. Even musical sound effects can be added.

UNIVERSAL TALES

A second means of advancing world understanding through folktales is a study of the relatedness of various story types and motifs amongst the peoples of the world. One of the most universal of all folktales is "Cinderella" which now has nearly a thousand variants. Thompson (*61*) indicates that a type of Cinderella story can be found in India, the Philippines, and Indonesia as well as among North African Arabs in the western Sudan. The French brought the story to Missouri, Canada, and the Island of Martinique. It is evident in Brazil and Chile, and many of the American Indians have their own tribal versions.

Perhaps the best-known story of Cinderella is from *Perrault's Complete*

Fairy Tales (*42*) in which the cinder girl is transformed into a beautiful lady with glass slippers who rides royally in her purple coach pulled by six dapple gray horses.

Thompson (*62*) relates a Cinderella tale as told by the Zuñi Indians. The Indian Cinderella lives in a tumbledown dwelling in Matsaki or Salt Lake City. Her clothes are tattered and dirt encrusted, and she raises turkeys for a living. She is a humble but kind person who feels quite neglected when she hears that there is to be a great Zuñi festival with the Dance of the Sacred Bird to which she has not been invited. She is weeping in her loneliness when a turkey gobbler struts up to her and promises that her turkeys will help her attend the celebration. She is cautioned, however, that she must not forget them during the festival. Then, one of the gobblers puffs and struts and gives her a cotton mantle. Her turkeys also form a circle around her, and while singing and clucking they manage to turn her hair into soft white waves and her cheeks into ones of dimpling beauty. As a final gift, her turkey helpers present her with jewelled necklaces and earrings. When the maiden appears at the dance, the young Indian chiefs rush over to her and flatter her with individual attention; and she dances merrily on. No longer is she lonely. At last she remembers her turkeys; the sun is setting as she speeds away. Meanwhile, the turkeys, thinking she had forgotten them, flee from their cages through the Gateway of Zuñi. The girl races in quest of them; but singing their sorrowful song and spreading their wings, they disappear as the poor turkey girl is changed back into her filthy rags of dust and sweat.

A Cinderella-type folktale told in Vietnam is "The Two Sisters," appearing in *The Wishing Pearl and Other Tales of Viet Nam* (*49*). Although this tale has the aspects of the traditional European fairy tale by Perrault, there are only two sisters. One sister, Tam, is beautiful and spoiled; the stepsister, Cam, however, is kindly but unfortunate. Tam enjoys life with music and studies, but the wicked stepmother forces Cam to herd the water buffalo in the rice paddies from morning until darkness. One day as Cam is cleaning mud off her clothes, she hangs her shoe on the horns of a buffalo; a crow steals the shoe and delivers it to the emperor who is searching for a wife for the crown prince. Then a decree is issued that all of the girls in the land must try on the slipper. The wicked stepmother gives Cam a bushel of beans and tells her that she must separate the good ones from the poor. A flock of white doves sees the unhappiness of the child and finishes her task for her. Then the wicked stepmother tells Cam that she can go to visit the crown prince but that first she must jump into a cauldron of boiling water. The unhappy girl steps fearfully into the scalding water and suddenly becomes a beautiful maiden. Birds of paradise pull her flowery carriage to the palace. Here the shoe which the prince holds fits her foot, and she joins the prince in great happiness.

A lesser-known version of the Cinderella-type tale is "The Enchanted Cow" (*58*). In this tale the herd girl, Marra, is the most beautiful maiden for miles around and is loved for her golden hair, sweet laughter, and nimble fingers in weaving. One day an old crone warns Marra that she must beware of a ravine and must never drop her distaff into it because if she does, her mother will be transformed into a cow. Marra becomes curious, goes to the ravine, and loses her distaff. Immediately her mother becomes an enchanted cow. Marra's father is lonely, so he begs his sister Zelda to live with him and to bring along her daughter Gurda. The aunt punishes poor Marra and forces her to wear rags and to tend the fire. She is so dirty that the aunt taunts her and calls her "Pepelyouga" or "Cinderella." This poor Cinderella is given a series of almost impossible tasks, but her mother in the form of the enchanted cow comes to her rescue. One evil task after another is set until Marra's father is forced to kill the bewitched cow for the feast of Sveti Martin. Her mother is buried, but the grave becomes enchanted. There under a stone is a chest on which two white doves with ruby eyes are perched. In the chest are a dress as blue as Marra's eyes and some lovely blue slippers. Instead of going to a ball, this Cinderella meets the tsar's son, Prince Milosh, at a church. Then the usual universal-type Cinderella tale follows and Marra and the prince live happily ever after.

A similar type of tale is one in which a poor lad or a Boots suffers the taunts and lashings of older brothers and then outwits them through kindly acts to later become a successful prince or courtier. In Norway there is a poor boy, an Askelad or "lad of the ashes," who spends much of his time raking and tending the hearth. Askelad is kind to human beings and animals but attacks the devil and trolls with viciousness. Symbolically, trolls represent the dangerous, hostile forces of nature; and in Norse mythology trolls frequently guard gold and silver hoards beneath the earth. Two tales about Askelad are "Askelad and the Silver Ducks" and "Per, Paul, and Espen Askelad," which appear in *A Time for Trolls* (*5*). In "Askelad and the Silver Ducks" Askelad works industriously in the kitchen of the king's farm while his brothers are lazy and worthless.

In *Norwegian Folk Tales* (*4*) one meets the lad of the ashes again in such tales as "The Ash Lad Who Made the Princess Say, 'You're a Liar,' " "The Ash Lad Who Had an Eating Match with a Troll," and "The Ash Lad and the Good Helpers." In the story about the eating match, the lad outwits the troll by placing a knapsack in front of himself and scooping the porridge into the sack rather than into his mouth. The two elder brothers are frightened away from their wood chopping, but the young ash lad tricks the troll into thinking that he can squeeze him to pieces as water is squeezed from cheese.

"Cinderlad and the Troll's Seven Silver Ducks," "Per, Paal, and Espen Cinderland," and other basic Norwegian folktales appear in *East of the*

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Sun and West of the Moon (*22*). These tales have been adapted from the Dasent translation of the collection of Asbjörnsen and Møe.

Children may better understand the interrelation of world folktales if teachers gather collections of folktales from various countries for a folklore center, also containing pictures, filmstrips, recordings, and other instructional media. Two or three different Cinderella stories and two or three different Askelad stories may be shared with the total group. The pupils and the teacher can work together on a typical characteristic of European *Märchen* tales, such as ones outlined in *Introducing Folklore* (*16*). These characteristics can be listed as 1) the story deals with royalty, 2) the heroine is the youngest daughter, and 3) the tale involves magic or transformations. Then, pupils can write and illustrate their own Cinderella-type tales, but each child should select a different country and have magical events portrayed in relation to a heroine or hero's living in that country. The child can then create an original tale using some characteristics identifying its locale in a certain foreign country. For example, a child might read a Polynesian folktale such as *Rota's Great Canoe* (*51*). Cinderella can become a Polynesian girl and go to an island in a beautifully carved canoe paddled by Polynesian warriors singing a war chant about the shimmering sea. Or, the child can study an Indonesian tale such as *The Princess of the Rice Fields* (*44*). Through reading or listening to such a tale, a child can learn more about Indonesia as he creates his own personal fairy tale in an Indonesian setting.

CULTURAL ANIMAL TALES

Children can learn something about cultural diffusion if they observe how different versions of the same tale or trickster hero are dispersed in different world settings. Animal stories are almost universal and appear in different versions in various countries. Some animals are trickster figures, transforming themselves back and forth between human and animal form. One popular character is *Ananse the Spider* which appears in numerous volumes. In a collection by Appiah (*3*) there appear such tales as "How Kwaku Ananse Won a Kingdom with a Grain of Corn," "Kwaku Ananse and the Whipping Cord," "How Kwaku Ananse Became Bald," "Why the Spider Has a Narrow Waist," and others. A second interesting volume is *Anansi, the Spider Man* (*56*). Anansi is an imaginary character who is a man when things go well but turns into a spider when things become uncomfortable or dangerous. Anansi stories were first told in the camp circles of West Africa. Then, as thousands of African persons came to the Caribbean, they brought with them the tales of Br'er Anansi and such animal friends as the Tiger, Crow, Kisander, the Cat, and the Kling Kling bird.

In the country villages of Jamaica, children and adults sit under a tropical tree to relate further Anansi tales to one another. Somehow they love to see a slight, feeble creature such as Anansi outwit the others who are much stronger. Such a tale as "Ticky Picky Boom Boom" with its amusing image of yams stamping on their legs and chanting a tune causes much amusement and even an opportunity for listeners to involve themselves in rhythmical chants. Other Anansi tales appear in *The Hat Shaking Dance and Other Tales from the Gold Coast* (*20*). The opening story in this collection tells how Nyame, the sky god, owns all the tales of the world and how Anansi, the spider, wants to possess all of the known stories. Other stories include "Anansi, the Oldest of Animals," "Anansi's Hat Shaking Dance," and "Two Feasts of Animals." The tales of the Ashanti people are known as Anansesem or spider tales.*

The tortoise and the turtle are popular animal characters in various collections of folklore and folktales. Sometimes the tortoise is depicted as a helpless animal dependent upon his friends and frequently as a slow plodder who sticks doggedly to his tasks. However, the tortoise is also a trickster character. Two collections of African folktales are *The Long Grass Whispers* (*25*) and *Where the Leopard Passes* (*26*). In the former appears "The Tortoise and Hyena Kamba," which finds Tortoise happily feasting on satiny, button mushrooms when along comes Hyena who has not had his breakfast of meat. He pounces upon poor Tortoise and places him in the fork of a tree where he is left to struggle. Tortoise hollers out in fear until Leopard comes along and gently lifts him down. As a reward, Tortoise promises to make Leopard beautiful.

Several Tortoise stories appear in *Where the Leopard Passes*. A third volume which includes a tortoise story is *Olode the Hunter* (*21*). The authors indicate that Ijapa, the tortoise, is similar in Yoruba lore to the roles played by Anansi, the spider, among the Ashanti and the hare in other regions of West Africa. Ijapa, the tortoise, is shrewd and conniving, wise, greedy, aggressive, and even stupid. At times he is bad, but his tricks are ingenious. Ijapa dies many deaths and has been symbolized as a projection of some of the evil forces and bad behaviors of mankind. Ijapa becomes Brother Terrapin in the folklore of the United States Negro and is also mentioned in songs, sayings, and proverbs.

In *The Iguana's Tail* (*57*) one hears another tale about Tortoise under the title "Chimpanzee's Story." Tortoise has a highly polished back which shines like a mirror and is used by other animals to see their reflections. Hummerbird, Pigeon, and Dog love to admire their reflections, and Tortoise is so proud of his polished back that he talks about it several times daily. Tortoise, however, wants to fly more than anything else in the world.

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* "Anansi" is spelled with either an *e* or an *i* as the last letter.

He finds the feathers of the birds and stores them in his cupboard so he can join the brightly feathered birds in their mango trees. One day Grass Quit Bird tells Tortoise about a party to be given by Chicken Hawk. Tortoise wants to join the birds more than anything else in the world, but he cannot fly. Finally, Snake suggests that Tortoise stick on feathers from all the birds and fly off to Chicken Hawk's party even though he isn't invited. At the party, greedy Tortoise gobbles up the food first. Chicken Hawk becomes so enraged over the uninvited guest and his behavior that he pushes Tortoise from the peak, Tortoise falls down to earth; his shell becomes cracked; and he bears the marks and scratches forever.

Another tortoise tale with many qualities of "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby" is "The Dancing Palm Tree" (*67*). In the story Tortoise does not know how to farm, so he works out a clever ruse. He climbs into a palm tree in the market place and commences to sing his magic song which causes the palm tree to dance and frighten everyone away from the market place. Then Tortoise gathers up the corn, yams, cassava, palm oil, and other goods left by the villagers. This trickery goes on through several episodes until the king calls the wisest man amongst his magicians to devise a plan. This wise man creates a Sigidi or seated image of a man which is fashioned from clay with amo, a sticky substance, smeared on it. Tortoise is surprised to see the figure and slaps it on the cheek. His hands stick fast to the creature. Then other parts of his body get stuck also and he is caught by the wise old man.

Turtle is also a favorite animal character appearing in various countries with usually the same traits as the African tortoise. Tooze retells *Three Tales of Turtle* (*66*). The first tale, "The Turtle and the Storks and the Jackal," tells how Turtle gets his cracked back. The author states that she has heard similar versions of the tale told in Vietnam, Cambodia, Java, India, and Ceylon and that each time Turtle suffers as he falls to earth from a stick held by two storks or two other strong birds. The second tale is also about the cracked back and is entitled "The Turtle Who Loved a Monkey." This is a Cambodian tale. The third and final tale, "The Turtle Outwits the Lion," is from Ceylon. In this story Turtle manages to outwit the mighty lion king by having two turtles stationed at opposite sides of the river, each with a flower in his mouth and saying "Kurmarsha."

Another favorite animal trickster hero appearing in folktales around the world is Kalulu, the rabbit. *Where the Leopard Passes* (*26*) includes "Kalulu and the Leopard" and "Kalulu and the Elephant." In the first story Leopard is badly frightened by Rabbit's loud yell and head dress of horns and feathers as well as a pair of rabbit ears. In *The Three Wishes* (*1*) the rabbit also appears in a humorous little story, "The Rabbit and the Tiger" (El Conejo y El Tigre). Rabbit and Tiger are great friends even though they frequently chase each other. This is the tale of how Rabbit plays dead when Tiger threatens to eat him. He appears lifeless, and then Tiger promises to pick him up on another trip. Then Rabbit runs ahead and plays dead again. Many other tricks are amusingly told in this book.

Dorson (*24*) has collected over a thousand Negro folktales in the United States and classified them under various headings. His Animal and Bird Stories include "The Tar Baby," "Rabbit and Bear Inside the Elephant," "Rabbit and Hedgehog," and many other tales featuring Rabbit as a central animal figure. Brewer (*9*) has written a scholarly volume entitled *American Negro Folklore* containing certain animal tales including "The Wonderful Tar Baby Story," "How Mr. Rabbit Was Too Sharp for Mr. Fox," and "De Wolfe, de Rabbit and de Tar Baby."

Another version of the Brer Rabbit story is *Brer Rabbit and His Tricks* (*53*). Rees selected three of his favorite Brer Rabbit stories and recreated them in rhyming verse. Brer Rabbit, the trickster, appears in tales from Asia, Africa, and America. He can be similar to Anansi the Spider, Coyote, Raven, or other tricksters. One scholar has catalogued over 267 versions of the tar baby story.

Teachers and parents can interest most young pupils in animal characters with human characteristics, like those which appear in various worldwide folktales. Adolescent pupils can do folklore research and collect oral versions of tales about such characters as Brer Rabbit, Tortoise, Turtle, Coyote, or others. Younger pupils may wish to reenact tales in either shadowgraph figures, with papier-mâché, or with paper bag masks. Numerous ideas for using masks, puppets, and marionettes appear in *Literature for Children: Enrichment Ideas* (*12*).

AESTHETIC TALES

A fourth use of the folktale toward world understanding is an aesthetic one—an appreciation for music, art, literature, and dance. As pupils study beautiful illustrations accompanying many recent collections of folktales, their appreciation for beauty can be greatly enhanced. In *The Miller, the Boy, and the Donkey,* Wildsmith (*69*) makes the tale come alive with bold splashes of color reenforcing the simple fable by LaFontaine. In *The Valiant Little Tailor* (*34*) one sees more subdued illustrations by Anne Marie Jauss. In *Chanticleer and the Fox* (*29*) one sees beautiful, colorful illustrations and precise patterns. Proud Chanticleer stretches his neck and sings loudly in his pictures.

The Story on the Willow Plate (*60*) has precise, patterned pictures; the child studying the details in each of the pictures can gain a rich background of appreciation for the willow pattern. In *Chinese Fairy Tales* (*14*) the stories are printed on yellow paper with striking red and black pictures in brilliant contrast. Here again in "The Tortoise Talked" is a familiar narrative concerning the vanity of Tortoise who flies to the heavens on a stick held by two herons. Sayings of Confucius appear with some of these stories. Another imaginatively illustrated book is *The Four Clever Brothers* (*32*) with pictures by Felix Hoffmann. Hoffmann is an internationally recognized Swiss artist who is known for his graphic work in such tales as *The Seven Ravens* and *The Sleeping Beauty*. The mood or tone of *The Golden Crane* (*72*) is reenforced by illustrations by Yamaguchi. *Tikki Tikki Tembo* (*47*) is a slight little story, but the beautiful harmony of line and wash illustrations is quite spectacular. *The Monkey and the Crocodile* (*28*) is retold and illustrated by Galdone. Children will love to see the huge, two-spread picture of a monkey leaping on the top of a crocodile's head and the crocodile with its teeth stuck out waiting for the tricky monkey. A Caldecott award book, *The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship* (*52*), captures some of the folktale quality of a Russian peasant tale and enables children to identify imaginatively with that wonderful flying ship which goes over the palace of the czar and casts anchor in the court yard. *The Snow Queen* (*2*) has been newly adapted by Lewis and illustrated by Toma Bogdanovic. Strong, vibrant pictures illustrate a recent collection of Siberian folktales entitled *The Master of the Winds and Other Tales from Siberia* (*30*). In recent years many books which were originally issued in other countries are being republished in the United States with illustrations by authors living and working in foreign countries. Children and adults can appreciate beautiful illustrations by worldwide artists and can discuss differences in styles of arts and contributions of the artist to the imaginative flow of a tale. After pupils have studied various illustrations, they can listen to a tale which is not illustrated too imaginatively and then can paint suggested illustrations with water colors or tempera. A few children may wish to try collages and other techniques. A professional book for adults is *Literature for Children: Illustrations in Children's Books* (*15*). Ideas can be gained from *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (*33*). These tales are based on the Frances Jenkins Olcott edition of the English translation by Margaret Hunt. Here are many illustrations of different styles of art by children from around the world.

INFORMATIVE TALES

Folktales teach children much about other nations. *African Village Folktales* (*43*) offers much supplementary material to accompany each folktale. For instance, "Kalulu and His Money Farm" is a story from the Mashona people. The author informs the reader that Kalulu, the hare, is an invention of the Bantu people living below and a bit above the equator. Kalulu, like Ananse, is a "big know-it-all." Bantu people live in small villages in a dozen round huts. Boys of seven learn to herd sheep and goats. In *Long Ago in Serbia* (*58*) one learns that Serbia is the largest of six small countries composing Yugoslavia. Early folktales are different from more recent ones, but kings and peasants, lovely maidens, and stalwart heroes endure. In these tales Timok, a young shepherd, gains the power to understand the language of birds; and Rovina, a beautiful, wise daughter of Milosh, enchants the tsar with her cleverness.

Tashjian (*59*) has written *Once There Was and Was Not*. Here in pictures and script one can learn about ancient Armenia and the peasants who worked desperately. In "Shrovetide," a story about merrymaking carnival days before Lent, one listens to a numbskull-type story in which the wife meets a man and thinking he is Mr. Shrovetide gives him 100 measures of rice and 50 measures of butter. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Greece* (*35*) has some tales including certain Greek cultural customs and names: for examples, Christmas is St. Nikolas Day for the Greeks; and in "The Fairy Wife," Demetios, the goatherd lives with his mother on Keafa Hill. *Winter-Telling Stories* (*46*) comes from the Kiowa Indians whose Saynday is responsible for the origin of many things in the world. Here one learns of such heroic legends as "How Saynday Got Caught in a Buffalo Skull" and "How Saynday Ran a Foot Race with Coyote."

Children can select folktales from unfamiliar places around the world. Each child can select the country, do research on its geographical location and cultural customs, and then read a collection of tales. Symbols depicting each folktale read and its place of origin can be displayed on a world map.

INSTRUCTIONAL TALES

A sixth contribution of folktales to world knowledge is the offering of a better understanding of the dialects and languages of various countries. Many recent collections of tales offer guides in the pronunciation of words. Two volumes with the Hawaiian locale are *Hawaiian Myths of Earth and Sky* (*63*) and *Hawaiian Legends of Tricksters and Riddlers* (*64*). The first volume includes an adapted chant, "The Time of Deep Darkness," which is the story of creation. A glossary in the back of the book offers the pronunciation of many Hawaiian words with the explanation that every vowel is sounded in the language and that every syllable ends with a vowel. The second volume also gives some simple pronunciation rules along with the explanation that all Hawaiian sounds can be uttered with the use of twelve English letters—five vowels and seven consonants. Some books of Negro folktales from Africa give help in the pronunciation of certain dialectic terms.

EMPATHIC TALES

A seventh contribution to world understanding is an imaginative identification of the reader with people in another time and place—far removed from the current commonplace life in the ghettos or in middle class homes.

In folktales one can climb aboard a wonderful flying ship or a magic horse of power and find himself in a different world—the world of imagination where many things are possible. For instance, an unusual locale is described in *Suho and the White Horse* (*50*). Here in the ancient land of Mongolia with its steppes and grasslands one meets the shepherd folk and persons who play the horse-head fiddle. This is the story of Suho, a poor shepherd boy, and his devotion to his white horse. In *Twenty-Two Russian Tales for Young Children* (*65*), one enjoys such tales as "Philipoh," "Rusak's Night Frolic," and "The King and the Humble Hut." In *Legends and Folk Tales of Holland* (*23*) are tales of the Netherlands, such as "The Dragon of Utrecht," "The Merman's Revenge," "The Golden Helmet," and "A Legend of Saint Nicholas." The dragon of Utrecht who lives in dark pits and cellars has eyes which belch forth flames. When a brewer sends his servants to a cellar for malt, they are seared by the dragon's fire. A brave young man meets the dragon and shows him a mirror. When the dragon beholds his own image, he writhes in pain and is burned to ashes.

Green imaginatively depicts the Irish leprechauns and little fairy folk in *Leprechaun Tales* (*31*). The author has also written *Philip and the Pooka and Other Irish Fairy Tales.* In "The Leprechaun and the Wheelbarrow" Lupreau has fairy gold in his wheelbarrow, but it is different from other gold as it is gathered from moth wings and sunsets. Great is the leprechaun's dismay when he looks at his gold and finds it has melted and is as runny as butter.

Scottish Legendary Tales (*55*) contains Scottish tales about fairy hillocks, fairy workmen, the piper of Scotland legend, a kelpie, a witch, a wizard, some brownies, giants, and even the devil. Reading and listening to such imaginative tales as these not only provide a child a rich background but also prepare him for modern fantasy and imaginative thinking.

Teachers can read several imaginative fairy tales to pupils and ask them to depict their ideas of leprechauns, goblins, wizards, witches, brownies, fairies, or other magical creatures in concrete forms—through the use of egg cartons and other scrap materials. Children can do creative playmaking and imaginatively reenact certain stories of this type. Chambers (*13*) suggests storytelling and playacting techniques in *Literature for Children: Storytelling and Creative Drama.*

HEROIC TALES

One form of folklore is the legend which usually enlarges a religious figure, a royal ruler, or a military person into someone of heroic stature. Heroes are made by conditions of the times. Some heroes are traditional, such as King Arthur and Ulysses; others are new-born heroes attacking momentous barricades to the progress of mankind. Some of the traditional heroic figures appear in recent books or from retellings of older tales.

Several versions of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight have been published in recent years, one being Hiett's (*36*). Sir Gawain is one of the most gallant knights of King Arthur's court. A famous scene is the one at Christmas time in Camelot when a huge warrior clad in bright green armor comes riding a huge green horse into the castle. *The Sword of King Arthur* (*70*) tells other brave deeds wrought by squires and knights in the halls of King Arthur. Here in the days of chivalry, knights learned the code that no knights should make war on the weak and helpless and all should grant mercy to those who begged for it.

The heroic tale of Roland is told again in *The Horn of Roland* (*71*) in which older students can read about the famous friendship of Oliver and Roland and the pass of Roncesvalles, where the Saracens hurled their huge forces against the Franks while Roland refused to blow his horn to summon the emperor until it was too late.

In *Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest* (*48*), one hears how the bravest and strongest men of England join Robin Hood's band of outlaws to obtain justice for the yeomen and poor folk of Nottingham. The Sheriff of Nottingham bears the brunt of much of the trickery of the outlaw band.

Older students may enjoy *Odysseus Comes Home from the Sea* (*68*); while other pupils, particularly those who are interested in operatic music, will enjoy *The Ring and the Fire* (*11*). Pupils can listen to parts of operas.

Two heroic legends of the Norsemen are *Thor and the Giants* (*27*), an old Norse legend which tells the story of Thor and Loki's setting out on a journey to Utgard; and *The Children of Odin* (*18*), a dramatic tale of the Norsemen divided into four parts: "The Dwellers of Asgard," "Odin the Wanderer," "The Witch's Heart and the Sword of the Volsungs," and "The Twilight of the Gods." Another similar group of Norse legends is *Thunder of the Gods* (*38*).

A collection of Irish folktales less known by many children in the United States is *The King of Ireland's Son* (*17*). Here in the Black Back Lands one meets an enchanter and his daughter in a world where the King of Cats, Chief Fianna, and Princess Flame-of-Wine reign. Also, there are Hags of the Long Teeth, Fira the sea dragon, and a fawn with silver horns which cast their spells. These are folktales which highly capture the imaginative wonder of more mature readers. Pupils can make charts of these famous heroes and note positive and negative characteristics of them, their character attributes, and their similarities to heroes in different books of legends. Pupils can write paragraphs on heroes appearing in literature.

VIRTUOUS TALES

An eighth and final quality of folktales and world understanding lies in the inherent qualities of goodness and mercy, courage and industry which the characters of folktale heroes possess. Raven, the trickster figure, having sympathy for man who lies huddled in darkness, seizes the twinkling stars, the silver moon, and the golden sun from the great spirit above so that mankind can be bathed in light, not darkness. Coyote in the California folktale cooperates with other animals of the land who also bring light and fire to suffering men and animals lying helpless in a darkened world. In the Eskimo Legend, *The White Archer* (*39*), one meets the heroic figure of Kungo, the Eskimo, who learns much kindness and wisdom from Ittock and his wife but also has to understand that vengeance is bitter and debilitating.

One of the earliest stories written is the legend of Gilgamesh, recorded in the wedge-shaped symbols of cuneiform. As time passed, peoples of the world learned the myth of Gilgamesh and Enkidu. This myth has been rewritten and illustrated by Bryson in *Gilgamesh, Man's First Story* (*10*), a dramatic story of the creation and of heroic Gilgamesh who has seen most of the known world and knows everything, as two-thirds of him is god and one-third of him is man. He is glorious among heroes with Enkidu as his companion. But Gilgamesh learns shame and compassion when he turns to Nergal, the gatekeeper, to beg him to release Enkidu from the earth and underworld.

It is hoped that all children will intuitively grasp the better qualities of the human spirit and that through the use of imaginative literature man's reach can exceed his grasp.

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FOLKTALES OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

Latin American Folklore and the Folktale

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LATIN AMERICAN FOLKTALES offer a tapestry of folklore woven long ago by the Indian and post-Columbian inhabitants of Mexico and the other Latin American countries, including sixteen on the mainland and Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic in the Caribbean Sea.

But before seriously considering the topic of folklore, let me offer some advice to you who plan a Latin American journey, especially one which features the rural areas with a predominately large Indian population. These are miscellaneous travel hints which your busy tour agent may have overlooked.

In Mexico, analyze your dreams carefully. They are omens of the future. To dream of happy, laughing people is a sign of good things to come; but to dream of weeping people signifies impending danger.

An earthquake in Panama is no reason for alarm. Be as calm as the Cuna Indians who know the cause of the tremor: The earth always shakes when a disobedient giant, imprisoned underground, is turning over or walking around on all fours, searching for a means of escape.

When you are in the Andean region of Bolivia and Peru, you may wonder why a young child's hair has never been cut or washed. The reason is simple—to prevent bad luck befalling the little one. On reaching the age of two, he will be honored at a haircutting fiesta. As the godmother cuts the locks, she counts them. Then, according to her financial ability, she gives gifts, one for each lock, to her godchild. Other guests provide presents, too, and thus the child seems to celebrate his birthday, saint's day, Christmas, and Epiphany—all in one. The hairwashing ceremony takes place the following day with only the family looking on.

If you travel with a trustworthy amulet like a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf clover, you should realize that neither has any value in Argentina. About the only efficacious talisman is an owl's feather and, unfortunately, its value is limited to certain parts of the country. It is considered wise, however, to secure a feather and keep it with one day and night. Furthermore, it's hinted that an owl's feather, carried in a man's vest pocket, has on countless occasions brought good luck in love.

The brightly colored hummingbirds one admires in Argentina may seem to be sipping nectar from flowers, but such is not always the case. The Guaraní Indians of this area know that from the beginning of the world these small winged creatures have had a sacred mission. When death comes, man leaves his body on earth; but his soul hides within the petals of a flower. There it awaits a hummingbird whose duty it is to carry souls to the heavenly realms.

And what about those noisy footsteps you may hear at night when sojourning at a woodland hotel near the Andes? Do not be alarmed! They are only the tiger's footsteps. Every night the tiger borrows the feet of the tapir, that noisy cloven-hoofed animal, and returns them in the morning. This arrangement has been going on for eons, and both animals are happy with it.

Lastly, a warning: Unless you are brave, do not venture forth after nightfall in eastern Paraguay and Brazil. This is the time when the curupira is prowling about in search of humans, especially women and children. The curupira, a creation of Añá, the Evil One, is easily recognizable. He is a dwarf, brown and robust, with feet turned backwards and a body without joints. His counterpart, under different names, still roams throughout Latin America, but none is as cannibalistically inclined as the curupira.

In the opinion of folklorists, most of these superstitions are remnants of ancient myths, fables, legends, religious beliefs, or rites that have been handed down from generation to generation. "The original lore told by the early inhabitants is lost; what we hear now is only an echo across that still river of time" (*2*).

For the Indian of today these superstitions serve three important functions: to keep alive ancient events and traditions; to rationalize and sanction conduct; and to amuse. Often these functions overlap, but all of them in their various forms reveal much of the character, beliefs, and customs of the early dwellers in this part of the Americas.

But who were these early dwellers and from where did they come? Some 30,000 years ago, according to anthropologists, the region we now call Latin America first felt the tread of human feet and heard the voices of men. The discoverers of the New World were Asiatic hunters who left their homeland in search of food. From Siberia, they crossed the ice-sheathed Bering Strait and reached what is now called Alaska. Then, most of them journeyed south or east, following game such as giant ground sloths, camels, mammoths, primitive horses, and smaller creatures now extinct. As this migration continued, the Americas were populated with various groups of divergent physical types, each of whom spoke a different language or dialect. Mankind's discursive march from the Bering Strait to Tierra del Fuego may have required about 25,000 years.

CREATION TALES

Like other world cultures, those of Latin America have their explanations for the universe and all within it. In Latin American mythology, however, there are comparatively few accounts of the world's creation. Its existence is taken for granted, or it is barely mentioned as the act of some deity or first ancestor. Even when the notion of a supreme being is clearly conceived, the task of creating and caring for man and animals is assumed by one of the deities within the vast hierarchy of gods and goddesses.

One creation tale about the rainbow originated among the Quechua people of the Peruvian Andes. It tells how the sun god, Inti, wanted to bring beauty to the sky after the rain, so he chose his happy young son to be a rainbow. "To see him brings joy to the Indian as he gazes at the seven colors, each of which symbolizes something beautiful: violet, the memory of ancestors; indigo, the coca leaves that give strength; blue, the love of family; green, youth that has the vigor of the woods in spring; yellow, the corn which provides bread and a refreshing drink; red, the blood that gives life; orange, the sun and moon" (*6*).

South American myths about the origin of man follow two patterns. In one case, man like his Mayan counterpart was created out of clay; in the second, man migrated from the underworld or, in a few instances, from the sky.

The creation of man is expressed by the ancient Mayas of Mexico and Central America in these terms: "At first there was only calm water, the placid sea, alone and tranquil. Nothing existed. Then, *That One* made a human form of damp clay and green hay. In time, it was hardened by the sun god and became flesh and bones. Into this figure *That One* breathed his divine breath. Now with body, soul, and spirit, the figure called man arose and walked. But his life was lonely until on a certain day, woman, who was within him, came forth through his ribs" (*9*). It is interesting to note that in this Mayan myth there is a parallel to the Old Testament: the creation of woman and the indirect way of referring to God as *That One*.

A somewhat different creation myth of a much later date comes from the Caribbean area. It records that "After men were created, they soon lost their repose. Then the creator gave them tobacco. They chewed it and regained their repose, but only for a brief period. At this juncture, the creator gave them women which made them happy, at least for a while" (*6*).

Giants are seldom mentioned in Latin American lore, as is common in that of Europe and Asia. However, in the absence of a mighty Atlas to support the heavens on his shoulders, the Mayas tell of four powerful giants whose task is to hold up the sky with their strong arms. "One giant is red, like the Mayan people. It is he who brings rain and lights the flame of love in the hearts of the young. The second giant, yellow in color, instills peace and love in men and causes them to pray to *That One*. The third giant, pale of face, inspires warriors who defend their homeland. The fourth giant, with dark skin, casts shadows and delivers ill omens" (*3*).

The Aztecs of Mexico furnish us with one of the few myths about the sun and moon. According to these people, there was a time when the world was in darkness. Finally, the Aztec gods living in the Valley of Mexico, came together to consider how the sky could be bright and warm during the day and silvery and light at night. After long deliberation the gods decided to sacrifice two of their number on a great pyramid of fire. The god Tecuiziztecatl was selected because he was rich and powerful; the god Nanoatzin was picked because of his noble character. When the moment came for the rich god to jump into the flames, he drew back, shaking with fear. However, the poor god took his place and leaped into the fire with a great shout of joy. At once the sun appeared in the Valley of Mexico. Then Tecuiziztecatl, not wishing to be outdone, ran into the flames and immediately the moon burst into the heavens, shining as brightly as the sun. "That coward Tecuiziztecatl," roared a god, "has no right to shine as brightly as honest Nanoatzin's sun." With this he caught up a long-eared rabbit and hurled it with all his might at the new moon. The impact of the rabbit dulled the brightness of that celestial body and left an imprint which can be seen to the present day.

THE FLOOD

Although tales of a flood may differ in some details, most Latin American accounts agree that the purpose of the disaster was to punish man for his evil ways. However, this tale which comes from the Abipón Indians of South America differs in several respects, especially in the number of days of the flood and in the surprise ending.

One day while two brothers were cutting wood on the hillside, the rain god let loose a terrible downpour which lasted five days and five nights. The brothers, who had taken refuge in a mountain-top cave, were the only survivors in their great valley. Everything and everyone had been swept away. After the waters receded, the brothers went forth to search for nourishment, but without success. On returning to the cave they found that food was awaiting them; also, a cheery fire was burning in one corner of the cave. The brothers were sure that a long-departed ancestor was responsible for this good deed. Hoping to discover their benefactor, one brother hid near the cave while the other went forth on the pretense of gathering more wood. Soon two parrots with human faces appeared and prepared more food for the brothers. Quickly the youth came out of hiding and captured both parrots who, to his amazement, turned into beautiful Indian maidens. It seems that a god had transformed them into birds as a punishment for their selfishness. Only by performing unselfish deeds could the spell be broken. Needless to say, the brothers married the maidens and the two couples became the ancestors of the Abipón tribe. Remembering their origin, these Indians still revere the parrot.

SIMILARITIES AND COINCIDENCES

Folklore abounds in similarities and coincidences in countries widely separated both geographically and culturally. "This proves," states Morales (7:98), "that the human spirit is one, one in its origin and one in its destiny."

In 1532, when Francisco Pizarro and his men arrived in Inca territory, known today as Peru, they had many surprises awaiting them. Perhaps one of the greatest was in the similarities of certain religious practices of the Spaniards and the Indians: confession, fasting, penitence. Furthermore, the Incas told of a flood with elements similar to those of the Bible. What shocked and disappointed the Spaniards, however, was the fact that these Indians believed in reincarnation.

It is surprising to learn that both Latin American Indians and Spanish conquerors shared some of the same superstitions: dislike of toads and frogs, creatures which they thought to be the work of the devil or witches; belief that the hooting of the owl signified misfortune; and belief that a humming of the ears presaged bad news.

Latin American tales and those of Asia are often quite similar. The Tehuelche Indians residing in southern Argentina have stories of a terrible giant, Goschque, whom they worship. This monster, master of land, air, fire, and water, presents all the characteristics of Gogue, the giant of an ancient Japanese religion.

In Peru and Bolivia, the shepherds play mournful music on the *quena,* a reed flute whose origin is lost in the shadows of antiquity. Again we consider the words of Morales, as we recall the fact that a musical instrument, also called *quena,* was used by the ancient Romans.

Not similar, but identical, is this ancient Guaraní legend which parallels one found in China. Both the emperor and the Guaraní chieftain leave for war. Both promise the gods that, if victorious, they will sacrifice the first person whom they meet when they return from battle. It is their daughters who come to meet them and must be sacrificed. Amazingly, these legends coincide with the Old Testament tale of Jephthah and his daughter.

METAMORPHOSIS

The idea of metamorphosis, common to classic myths and to legends of the Middle Ages, is found in Indian tales throughout North and South America, especially among the tribes who peopled Paraguay and Argentina. Usually the human was transformed into a bird, an animal, or an insect because of cruel, selfish ways. In fact, most of the Argentine birds, according to folklore, were once humans who, due to their sins, were condemned by the gods to be flying creatures. By today's standards, flight would be rewarding; however, in ancient times the bird was the target of the deadly arrow.

Contrary to most tales, the following one from eastern Argentina tells how the bird-form became a reward. Young Jaebe is eager to pass the three difficult physical tests so that he may join his elders on the tribal council. First, he must run with the speed of a deer; next, he is required to swim against the current of a treacherous stream; and finally, he had to fast nine days while wrapped so tightly in animal skins that movement is impossible. Although many participated in these tests, only Jaebe was victorious in all three. In announcing the winner, the chieftain spoke to the tribe, saying, "By will of the gods, Jaebe will receive two additional awards—he will marry my beautiful daughter on the morrow, and upon my death he will be your chieftain." However, Jaebe only wished to marry a sweet-voiced shepherdess to whom he was engaged. In desperation, the youth knelt on the ground and begged the supreme god, Tupa, for help. His plea was promptly answered. To the amazement of the tribe, Jaebe and his love were transformed into *horneros* or oven-birds. The sweet song and human traits of all oven-birds have endeared them to Indians as well as to those of other races. In fact, the Argentine people claim the *hornero* as their national bird.

What can happen when the gods mete out punishment is illustrated in a legend from northern Argentina, a region once governed by the great Inca empire. When a beloved chieftain died, he was succeeded by his cruel, selfish daughter, Kapuy. Although her distressed subjects prayed, begging the gods to soften their ruler's heart, the prayers seemed in vain. Then, one day, in answer to an aged, starving woman's appeal for help, Kapuy answered with vicious words and threats. While the kind-hearted subjects looked and listened helplessly, the gods answered their prayers in an unexpected manner. Suddenly, the berated woman was transformed into a beautiful goddess who said to Kapuy, "The good gods have sent me to tell you that from this moment on you will lose your human form and become a humble spider, condemned to spin throughout your life." With these words the goddess vanished and a spider appeared on the spot where Kapuy had stood.

EXPLANATORY TALES

Tales explaining the origin of trees, shrubs, and plants are common throughout the world. Latin America is no exception. Here, as elsewhere, gods and goddesses are said to have rewarded good deeds with vegetation beneficial to mankind. For example, in Argentina, an aged Indian who saves the lives of the moon and cloud goddesses is given a shrub whose leaves provide *yerba mate,* a nourishing tea popular in Argentina and other South American countries; and a noble Indian who sacrifices his life for his family and friends is rewarded with the gift of maize or corn.

Bolivia's contribution to our food supply is explained in this legend which antedates the Christian era. The hero, Choque, is a lad of 15 years. He succeeds his dead father as leader of the Sapallas, when invaders settle in their valley and enslave the natives. Only Choque believes that the gods have not forsaken his tribe. His faith is rewarded when the god of earth, disguised as a condor, visits him on the mountain top where Choque has gone to pray. "Here are seeds which you and your people are to plant in secret," says the god. "From them will grow vines bearing small green balls. Let the invaders eat these. You Sapallas are to eat what grows beneath the ground." Time passes, and the invaders, thinking that their gods have given them a new food, eagerly consume the green balls. The result is that most of them die of poison. The few who survive are driven out of the valley by the Sapallas. And what about that part of the vine which grew beneath the ground? That edible part was the potato.

TALES OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS

Some of the most entertaining narratives of the Indian period are about animals. From the highly civilized and gentle Mayas come two delightful stories about the rabbit and the cuckoo. The rabbit, known to be a trickster in parts of the United States and in Mexico, longs to become king of the animals. However, to qualify for that role, he knows that he must be much larger, preferably the size of a puma. He hops up to the sky, therefore, and asks the god of the animals to make him much larger. Thinking that he is assigning the small creature an impossible task, the god replies, "I'll grant your request when you bring me the skins of three animals—a tiger, an alligator, and a monkey."

Away goes the rabbit back to earth and by means of trickery secures the desired skins. Early the next morning, dragging the skins behind him, the rabbit hops to the sky to claim his reward. The surprised god justifies his change of mind by explaining, "If I make you larger, you may unintentionally harm my animals." Then, on seeing the rabbit weep, he added, "But I'll make your ears larger. In that way, you can hear better and thus protect yourself from danger." So, the god holds the rabbit by his ears which begin to stretch and stretch. When they reach the right length, the god sends the rabbit back to earth where he and his descendents have lived to this day quite reconciled with their size.

And now the cuckoo: On a bright spring morning Chaac, god of fields and crops, calls all the birds to a meeting in the woods. He asks for their help in gathering seeds, especially those of corn, before he burns the fields on the following day. All the birds, except the cuckoo, offer to aid the god. Being afraid of fire, she plans to fly far away from the scene as she has done in former years. Several birds, aware of her fear, taunt her. They accuse her of cowardice.

The next morning before sunrise, the evil and spiteful fire god sets the fields ablaze, hoping to burn all the seeds destined for the spring planting. When Chaac and the birds arrive at the fields some moments later, they are surprised to see a lone bird with gray plumage winging its way through the flames and rescuing seeds. "Surely it is a heavenly bird," chorus the onlookers. "No earthly bird is endowed with such courage." But they are wrong. It is the cuckoo whom they fail to recognize. The smoke has turned her feathers, once as bright as those of a parrot, to a dull gray and her once-yellow eyes are red, the color of flames. As a reward for her courage, the birds grant her the eternal privilege of laying her eggs in another bird's nest with the assurance that the owner will care for the young cuckoos. For the Mayan Indians the cuckoo has always been a favorite bird. It was she who saved the seeds of corn so that they might have food throughout the centuries.

The North American Indians have various tales which extol the courage of the mole. It falls to the natives of Peru, however, to have a different account of this little creature.

Rather reluctantly the conservative mole agrees to accompany his neighbor, the fox, on a journey to the moon. After the condor has tied a rope to the tip of this heavenly body, the fox followed by the mole starts their upward journey, climbing slowly, paw over paw. Unfortunately, the mole speaks insultingly to a gayly colored parrot who happened to be flying near the rope. The parrot retaliates, not with words, but action. He cuts the rope with his sharp beak and the mole falls earthward. The condor, flying below, catches him on his back and transports him home. When the animals hear how foolish the mole has been, they begin to taunt him and all his relatives. To avoid hearing these unkind remarks, all the moles leave their dwellings in caves and rocks and make homes for themselves underground where they continue to live. The fox reaches his destination safely and can be seen standing on the moon, that is if one views this heavenly body while in Peru.

Another one of the early astronauts is the toad who negotiates a heavenly journey in the period of one day. This tale, told in Brazil and Argentina, contains elements of the Indian and post-Columbian periods. It is only in part autochthonous, as ". . . in Greece and even much earlier in India, fables with this theme were popular. They point out the stupidity of an earthbound creature like the turtle that wishes to see the heavenly height. A tricky bird offers to gratify the animal's wish, but with sadistic pleasure causes the creature's injury or death" (*4*).

Since both Indians and Spaniards disliked the toad, one wonders if some prankster of the post-Columbian era revised this old tale and gave the toad the status of a hero. But now, the story:

All the birds are invited to a fiesta in the sky. Most are asked to participate in a musical program, but not the crow. He is unable to sing, and he plays his guitar with more enthusiasm than talent. However, the vain bird decides to carry his guitar with him, hoping for an opportunity to perform. On the morning of the fiesta the toad begs the crow to take him to the event, but the request is scorned. Then, when the crow is not looking, the toad hops into the guitar and is not seen again until he appears among the dancers at the ball. Here he is a tremendous success. With exceeding grace he negotiates intricate dance steps, while singing *basso profundo*. Nevertheless, his joy of the moment is mingled with fear about the journey back to earth. And, in truth, his fears are justified. On the return trip the crow, now aware that he is carrying an uninvited passenger, turns the guitar in such a way that the toad goes tumbling earthward. As a result of his fall, the victim's soft, smooth skin is covered with deep bruises which, with the passing of time, turn into dark, ugly scars. And ever since that time all toads have proudly worn these scars in memory of the heroic exploit of their illustrious ancestor.

NATIONAL TRADITIONS

Every day the people of Guatemala have cause to remember a legendary hero named Quetzal. A coin is named for him and his likeness appears on the national coat of arms.

According to the legend, when young Quetzal becomes chieftain on the death of his father, the soothsayer gives a message which he has received from the gods: "Quetzal will live forever." This news is discouraging for the young leader's uncle who aspires to be chieftain. Then the uncle remembers the lad's sacred talisman which guards him from all danger. One night the uncle steals the sacred talisman and the following day kills Quetzal with an arrow. At once, by will of the gods, a beautiful bird with brightly-colored plumage comes forth from the youth's body. It is the quetzal, the sacred bird of Guatemala. Here it is loved and protected so that it may never die out.

It is at a later date, about 1325, that a youth named Copil arrives in what is now Mexico City. He comes from the north with his followers in hopes of imprisoning his cruel, bloodthirsty uncle, the war god of the Aztecs. Through spies the uncle learns of his nephew's presence and purpose. He orders his priests, therefore, to go by night to the forest where Copil sleeps. There they are to kill the youth, take his heart, and bring it back to the god. The priests obey and, at the god's command, bury the heart among the weeds of a rocky little island in the lake. On the following morning, the god beholds a strange new plant with flat green leaves and red blossoms growing on the island. "What is that?" cries the war god. After some meditation the chief priest replies, "That plant, a cactus called *nopal,* has grown from the heart of your nephew. Like him it has beauty and strength. Throughout the centuries it will serve as a reminder of this noble and valiant youth." That very day some Aztec fishermen who pass the island behold an eagle standing on the *nopal* with a serpent in his beak. This is the long-awaited sign which the gods promised the Aztecs over five centuries before. This spot indicates where they are to build their great capital. And they obey. It is this magnificent capital that was conquered by Cortes and his men in 1521, the capital we now call Mexico City.

A picture of the nopal, eagle, and serpent, which first adorned the Aztec banner, later became the Mexican national emblem. It appears on the country's flag and currency, a proud reminder of Mexico's Indian heritage.

POST-COLUMBIAN FOLKTALES

As might be expected, the Europeans and Africans who came to the New World in the post-Columbian or Colonial era brought their native folktales with them. In time, some of these tales became so changed as to plot and characters that they seemed indigenous. The most popular tales, however, were said to be those of a religious nature. Also, of great interest were legends that grew up around explorers, clergy, officials, humble people, and unusual or mysterious events. A humorous element, seldom found in Indian tales, appeared in narratives. Such were the characteristics of folktales during this period.

RELIGIOUS TALES

Tales of miracles similar to those of Spain and Portugal appeared throughout Latin America. One example comes from Honduras where a miserly lame man is healed of his affliction as a result of his long hours of praying at the village church. When explaining the miracle to the townspeople, the miser says, "Of course, I should have been healed. To the statue of Christ I gave my most costly gold chain, one I could ill afford to part with." At that moment, a gold chain falls at the miser's feet and he sinks to the ground, lame again.

Another religious tale tells how young Pedro de Candía saves the lives of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of the Incas, and his men. At the moment when Pedro is about to be killed by the Indians, the youth's shield glows with a blinding intensity and the wooden cross he carries in his hand shines as if made of precious metal. The Indians, believing that the youth and his companions are good gods, treat them accordingly.

Puerto Rico, still Spanish in spirit, provides us with a sixteenth tale of heroism into which is woven a thread of the miraculous. The scene takes place in the bay of Aguada where Columbus landed in 1493, and the leading character is young Rufino, a killer of sharks. Visiting Spanish officials persuade the youth to exhibit his skill. He complies reluctantly because he has lost his medal of the Virgin of Carmen. Without it he fears misfortune. In the terrible struggle that ensues between man and beast, Rufino emerges victorious, although wounded. As the admiring onlookers crowd around the lad after the battle, they are amazed to see hanging around his neck a shadowy outline of the lost medal which soon fades in the rays of the tropical sun.

HUMOROUS TALES ABOUT ANIMALS AND HUMANS

In the humorous tales of the post-Columbian period, animals play an important part. "Many stories similar to or identical with those in Africa appeared in the Caribbean islands, notably Haiti. One of the most amusing characters is Anansi, the spider, so well known in Liberian tales" (*5*).

Also from Haiti comes the traditional and humorous character of Uncle Bouki. He often appears with his nephew, Ti Malice, who is his constant nemesis. Many of the Bouki-Malice tales seem to be old Anansi stories adapted to local protagonists.

Another legendary character who provokes laughter is Juan Bobo, Foolish John. Although he wears the nitwit crown in Spain and Spanish America, he generally emerges from all situations as a hero.

Colombia provides this sixteenth century tale about proud Spanish-born don Ramiro who tries to solve a problem which occurs on December 28. In Spanish-speaking countries this is the Day of the Innocents or Fools. Once it was observed as a religious day in memory of the innocent children slain by order of Herod after the birth of Christ. Now, like our April first, it is a day for jokes.

After several years of being aroused early on the morning of December 28 by neighborhood lads who greet him with the traditional words, "Fool, fool," don Ramiro decides to stop this annoyance with action. On the following December 27, therefore, armed with an ancient blunderbuss, he walks up and down the streets around his home and announces to all youths his intention to shoot anyone who bothers him on the Day of the Innocents. The boys listen in polite silence, and don Ramiro concludes that they are thoroughly intimidated. However, shortly after midnight on the following day, he is awakened by a loud knocking on the front door. With blunderbuss in hand he opens his bedroom window and sees a young man in military uniform and at his side a fine horse. "Are you the honorable don Ramiro de Vásquez from Spain?" the youth inquires. When don Ramiro answers in the affirmative, the youth continues, "I have an official document for you, one that seems to come from across the seas." Hastily, the Spaniard runs to the front door and opens it. "Your letter, sir," says the youth courteously. He then leaps on his horse and disappears in the shadows of the night. With trembling hands, don Ramiro takes the letter. He is certain that it is from a lawyer in Spain who is announcing that his aunt has died and left him an immense fortune. Hurriedly he goes into the house, lights a candle, and opens the large envelope. With amazement he reads the enclosed document. It contains only two words, "Poor fool!"

FOLKLORE INTEREST IN LATIN AMERICA

During the past few decades, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Mexico, and Venezuela have taken increasing interest in their legacy of folklore. These are the nations that have encouraged the performance of folk music, folk dancing, and the telling of folktales in schools, especially those located in rural areas. "By this means there is instilled in the child an appreciation of history, local and worldwide, in a way more appealing to his mind and spirit than the cold reasoning of the historian" (*4*:3).

Latin American folklorists are responsible for excellent books on folklore and folktales of their own countries. However, these are for the adult reader. But where are books of folktales written for children? They are scarce and hard to find. At present, more children's books of Latin American folktales are available in the United States than in the home countries. "Were it not for servants, who generally are excellent narrators of ancient tales, a large majority of Latin American children would be ignorant of their folktale heritage" (*4*:7).

VALUE OF FOLKLORE FOR THE ADULT

Of what value, we may ask, is folklore for an adult or a teenager in our present society? García (*6*:190) states, "Knowledge of folklore not only gives information and enjoyment, but it provides inspirational material for painters, sculptors, musicians, and writers. Also, it can lead to an interest in the sciences, physical, social, and biological." And our own compatriot Stephen Vincent Benet once remarked that it seemed to him that folklore, especially folktales, were as much a part of the real history of a country as proclamations, provisos, and constitutional amendments. Surely Latin America offers rich opportunities for those interested in all areas of art, science, and literature.

VALUE OF THE FOLKTALE FOR THE CHILD

For the child, folktales can provide enjoyment, ethical values, academic learning, and aesthetic growth. Although differing in many respects from tales of other lands, those of Latin America meet all these qualifications. Continuing with this subject, Arbuthnot (*1*) explains, "From folktales modern children learn something about their own behavior in relation to other people. The philosophy of rewards and punishment may not seem to be borne out by the hard facts of modern life, but gangsters and dictators are still coming to bad ends. Children are going to inherit plenty of dragons, ogres, and giants to be exterminated. Therefore, they need some of the cement of society to be found in folktales, a belief in the moral code of decency, courage, and goodness."

LATIN AMERICAN FOLKTALES IN THE UNITED STATES

Elsie Spicer Eells pioneered in the field of writing Latin American folktales for children. Her first book, *Fairy Tales from Brazil,* was published in 1917. Seven years passed before Charles Finger wrote *Tales from Silver Lands* which currently is listed among the 4,000 best books for our young people. In the past decade, outstanding books have been produced by such well-known folklorists as Harold Courlander, M. A. Jagendorf, and Ralph Boggs.

LATIN AMERICAN TALES AND THE SPANISH-SPEAKING CHILD

"Approximately ten million Spanish-surnamed citizens are in our country of which six and a half million reside in the Southwest. Their numbers are constantly being reinforced by a stream of immigrants from Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Central and South America, and Spain. Thus, it becomes apparent that they form a second minority whose historical, cultural, and linguistic characteristics not only distinguish them but set them apart from the Anglo community" (*8*).

For any child, education is the essential point of entry into the mainstream of American society. But, the Spanish-speaking child may not be able to adjust easily or happily to our educational system without special help from the teacher. Reports from elementary schools state that the reading or telling of Latin American folktales has value for all children. The Spanish-speaking newcomer generally responds with a feeling of pride and dignity when sharing with classmates a legacy from his native land. Now he has a sense of belonging to the group instead of being an alienated segment. At the same time, his classmates are increasing their knowledge and interest in faraway lands. Needless to say, newcomers from other countries should not be overlooked.

CONCLUSION

In this paper an attempt has been made to present briefly various aspects of Latin American folklore and the folktales, both pre- and post-Columbian. In order to explain more fully the different types of folktales, seventeen have been told—twelve from the pre-Columbian or Indian period and five from Colonial times. The variances one notes in these tales are due, of course, to time, civilization, religion, language, and even topography.

Folktales told by the Indians are said to have served three main purposes: to explain natural phenomena; to teach a lesson; and to familiarize the listeners with tribal history. In contrast, the post-Columbian tales emphasize religious practices, glorify heroes of that age, explain unusual and mysterious events, and serve as entertainment.

Not all Latin American nations have taken an active interest in their native folklore, and only a few of their authors have written books of folktales for children. More books on this subject are available in this country than in the other Americas.

Spanish-speaking children belong to our second minority group. Often they can be helped to adjust more happily to their school environment if the teacher includes Latin American folktales in the story hour.

"Latin American folklore, like any other, provides information about earlier people and increases an appreciation of their culture. But of greater value is its philosophical lesson, one that can be easily shared by all" (7:198).

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Anglo-Celtic Lore in America

Richard Chase
Author and Storyteller

If there is a true minstrel in this country today it is Richard Chase, who is well known on university campuses and at folklore festivals and conferences. He is an author, folklorist, singer, and collector of folktales. The following tale is one he told at IRA's folklore and folktale perspectives conference. It is one of the many tales he has recorded in the Cumberland mountains and is included in his printed collection, *Grandfather Tales* (published by Houghton Mifflin and copyrighted by Richard Chase, 1948). These tales are American variations of familiar themes. This volume, together with his *Jack Tales* (Houghton Mifflin, 1943), reflects the folktales brought to the shores of this country by English, Irish, and Scottish settlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and preserved in theme and plot but changed by setting and local dialect to become a body of American-English folktales.

In his preface to *Grandfather Tales*, Chase states that he has put each tale together from different versions and from his own experience in telling them. The following version of "Wicked John and the Devil" was recorded as Chase told it at the IRA perspectives conference. Richard Chase and Houghton Mifflin have given permission to print this version. Chase's own frequent advice should be heeded: "After you have learned the tales in silent print, shut the book and tell 'em . . . don't try to force dialect; don't try to talk like mountain people. This is organic literature and comes alive in the telling."

Well, I want to take you through the story of Wicked John.

Wicked John—oh, Lord! Talk about mean, especially about drinking;

he didn't wait until Saturday night for his drink; he started in drinking liquor right after breakfast Sunday morning, keeping it up all week. One mornin' this old beggar appeared in his doorway, looked right tired and hungry-like. John finally hollered at him, "Come on in, sit down, and rest awhile," and John gave him a big plate of vittles. Finally, after eatin', this old beggar (bent over double with rheumatism) dropped his sticks to the ground, flashed a light around him, straightened up till all the kinks came out of him, and there was a fine, stout-looking old man with a fine head of white hair and a long white robe right down to his feet; and he stood there looking at John kindly. He had a great, big gold key. "Well, John," he said, "it looks like you don't recognize me."

"I don't, and what happened to that old beggar? Who are you; where do you come from where folks dress like that in the daytime?"

"Well, John, you've never been inside a church house, so you got no way of knowing who I am. I'm St. Peter; that's who I am."

"Aw, go on with you; expect me to believe that?"

"Well, John, it don't differ whether you believe me or not. Tell you how come I'm down here. Once a year I walk the earth to see if I can find any decent folk left on it. The first man I run across treats me right, I always give him three wishes. Go ahead, it will be like I say."

Well, old John was already pretty high that morning, and he started to wish anything that popped into his head. "Well, now, I've got a fine, old high-back rockin' chair there by the door, and when I get my work done up, I like to sit in my rocker; but don't you know, every day nearly, blame if there ain't somebody done gone and got there ahead of me—I just wish anybody that sits in that rocking chair sticks to the chair bottom and starts rockin' with head restin' on the back of the chair and will have to stay there and rock right on till I let 'em get up. Then there's my old hammer. Feisty kids—comin' in messin' with my tools—take that sledge hammer across the road and play pitch hammer with it. Every time I got to use it I got to hunt where them darn kids have left it in the grass. I wish anybody that takes ahold of that sledge hammer would stick to it with their hands—both hands, and it would keep right on and just sling 'em."

St. Peter was writing with a gold pencil in a little notebook, shaking his head, kind of sad. John staggered over to him and said, "Well now, I got one more, have I? I tell you; see that firebush there outside the door? It used to be a lot bigger than it is now. People been trompin' over it with their horses and runnin' their wagons over it and just about got my old firebush momicked [sic]. I jest tell ya, these hifalutin' rich folks come over the mountain fox huntin'. Fox huntin' on the hog back —gallopin' through my pasture with their little red coattails flappin' out behind. Looks like they all gotta have ridin' switches off my firebush. I jes' tell you right now; I wish if anybody touch that bush, it would grab 'em head foremost and pull them right down in the middle where them stickers are the thickest and sharpest and hold 'em stuck fast there until I turn 'em loose."

St. Peter finished writing, snapped his spectacles back in the case, put the notebook and pencil back, and said, "John, that's the sorriest set of wishes I ever hear tried. You might have made one little wish for the good of your soul, but if that's what you wish for, it'll be that way. Well, I gotta be goin'."

"Oh, jes' stay the night, Peter."

"No, John, can't stay." St. Peter stepped over the sill, and he was gone from there. John couldn't tell which-a-way he went.

Well, you'd think with a saint right there that John might have gotten to be a little better man, but it didn't have no effect whatever on wicked John. He got meaner than ever. Somebody come there to have a job of work done, and John said, "Come in, sit down," and they would set the chair banging awhile against the back of the head; or he'd trick somebody into picking up the big hammer and rattlin' around; but law, if anyone did happen to tip into that bush, it was pitiful. John would get a good laugh out of it and finally turn them loose. Well, one way and another John finally got so wicked, so cussed, so bad actin', so independent-minded, such a rascal that the devil got uneasy. He was afraid old John was going to outdo him. So the devil sent for him, and there was a little devil popped up there, standin' in the door, about a junior-high size devil, little horns just beginning to bust out on his forehead, y'know. John looked at him and says John, "Ain't that a cute little devil? What you want, son?"

"Look here, Mister, Dad sent me to come and fetch you, not to wait for nothin', so put them things down now."

"Let me finish this one horseshoe."

"No, Daddy says to come on; I gotta take you back right now."

"Now don't you rush me; I gotta finish this; it's red hot, and I can finish it. All I gotta do is turn the anvil and punch the nail holes in."

"Well, all right, but hurry up old man, just one now." The little devil looked around and eased down in that high-backed rocker. John finished that one and reached with his tongs to get another one.

"No, no, man, you said just one."

About that time the little devil tried to get up, and he was pullin' at the seat of his britches, y'know; and that poor little devil's head, whamity bang, hit the back of that rockin' chair and then he was beggin' and squallin', "Ah, Mister, turn me loose. Make this chair let go of me."

"Now you leave here and never come back."

"Yessir, no sir, I'll never come here no more."

"All right, away with you!" John hrowed him out in the dirt and locked the door.

But here comes another one. Anther little devil, with horns just starting to break out on his forehead, yin', "Come on, old man; Daddy tol' me to come and get you, not to wait for nothin'. Just put them things down. Daddy said if I didn't bng you back in five minutes he'd put me on one of them red hot griddle down there and fry me good."

"Can't hear a word you're sayin'." John was working on a big, old wagon wheel. The little, fat devil said "Old man, you hold that and let me pound it." He reached over and got the big sledge, the one that pounded so good, y'know. John just trned the wheel this way and that till it was fixed. The little devil ran oer to the anvil with the hammer, ran it through the big wooden cooler tried to lean it against the wall, and then, law, it was a sight in this wrld to see how that hammer went up and down and round and round th the little devil's legs flying up in the air. He was so surprised, and e got to begging, "Oh, my hands are stuck to this thing; make it let go o me."

"Yuh," said John, "you leave here and don't you never come back, and I might consider it."

"Yessir, no sir, you won't catch me ere no more."

"All right," said John, and he turnd the devil loose on the upswing; and when he rattled down out of the afters, he got up, untangled himself, and sneaked out the door.

John went on with what he had o do, and directly the door was darkened. John looked up and there e was, the old devil himself, and John said, "Well, how do you do, M Scratch. Sorry you had to come for me yourself. Come in, come in, s down."

"No, I'm not going to sit in no cha of yours."

"Well, here, I promised the man I finish this. It's red hot; pick up the big sledge hammer."

"No, I'm not going to touch your sdge hammer either; I know how you done with my boys, and I'm takin you off with me now!" John said, "Yeh? You and who else?"

This man was mean enough to eve take on the devil himself. They had a round or two inside the door. hen somehow the devil got hold of the seat of John's britches and we to heave him out the door; that turned John upside down and there rht in front of him was the devil's tail. John didn't do a thing but kink he devil's tail and yank; and, oh law, the devil started shaking John lik a terrier shaking a rat.

"Confound you, old man. I'm goin o lick the hide off you right now. See if I don't. Wait til I get me a swch." He reached to break a piece off the firebush, and he went head fomost into the bush. The old devil threshed and kicked and finally he ga up. His old legs quit kicking and went limp at the top of the bush, his head way down. He said "Hey, Mister!"

John was laughing so hard he had to lean against the door jamb. "What you want now?"

"Let me out of here."

"Who's that you're gonna whup, huh?"

"Nobody, now let me out of here."

"I will let you out of there on one condition—don't you or none of your boys never—none of you—ever come back here bothering me no more. Do you promise?"

The devil said, "Hell, yes!" And you should have seen him when he came out of the bush—leaves and trash on that old claw-hammer coat of his, pockets nearly torn off, and his old striped britches ripped way down below the knee there. Such a kickin' up of dust you never did see.

Well, John never was bothered by devils any more as long as he lived, and finally he did die. And, do you know, he went right up to the pearly gates. And there he was, standing at the pearly gates. And do you know, St. Peter, when he cracked the door and saw who it was, he pushed the door open, peeked out, and said, "Oh, oh, the nerve of that man." He peeked out again and said, "How do you do, John; just what do you want? "You can't come up here."

"Oh, hello, Peter, well now, you know, Peter, I had a pretty good opinion I couldn't stay; but, man, you know you come down there and we give you something to eat."

Peter said, "Now you took your three wishes and wasted every one of them."

John said, "Now, Peter, all I want to do is come in this hall and see inside. I'd like to see them golden streets and watch them angels flying around, and it would give me a little heartenin' to hear them sing an old hymn or two and try sitting on one of them clouds, and then I'll go."

Peter said, "Man, listen, with all the road regulations I can't even give you a temporary pass. John, wait a minute, I am going to let you see something for yourself. Hand the book out, one of you." He flipped the pages and said "Now, John, I want you to see your accounts in the ledger here. Now look on the credit side—one entry—all the 92 years you've lived."

Huh, what was it?"

"Little boy come along sellin' *Grit*, a ten cent country newspaper—you give him a quarter and tell him to keep the change. Look at the other side—John, it's black to the bottom; it's filled to the bottom; and look at all the meanness you've done in the past few years—had to be written in sideways. So, if you will excuse me . . . ." Peter tucked the big book under his arm and went back through the pearly gates and said,

> "Here, one of you in there, bring this man fifteen cents and tell him to go to Hell."
>
> Well, old John just nodded and turned around and started down the stairs going the other way. Now, of course, that gate is wide open all this time. Just inside the gate were some boys shooting dice; on the other side they were flappin' cards. Right in front of the gate was a whole gang of little ones running around playing catch with a ball of fire, and one of them over there on that side happened to look down the road (it was that first one that his daddy had sent to John). And directly he turned around and went squalling through Hell's gate—"Daddy, run here quick." Well, the other little devils started scrambling back through the gates.
>
> Directly the devil himself came and there, stragglin' along, his hands in his pockets, weavin' down the road right that way, was Wicked John. When the devil saw who it was, he said, "Bar the gate, boys." So when John got there and looked through the bars, there was the old devil, standin' way back, y'know, and the little devils peekin' out from behind the coal pile, and the old devil sayin', "Uh uh, you not a-comin' in here. I had enough of you. Now you turn around and put off—I tole you don't you come no closer; turn around and git!"
>
> Old John said, "Aw, come on now, Mr. Scratch. I went up to St. Peter, and he said my record wasn't any too good and I couldn't get in up there. You can't lock me out; I don't know where to go now." And the devil just reached with some tongs, got him a hot coal out of the furnace, and come sidlin' over there and handed the tong handle to the old man and said, "You just take this chunk of fire and go on off somewhere else and start you a hell of your own."

Now, let's back up a little bit. I heard that first in Albemarle County. It started off as a bad "hillbilly" joke.

I also heard about such a tale being broadcast and how the old man involved spent the rest of his life on the Brooklyn Bridge. I never have found that in print. Uncle Remus has two versions of it, Jacky Malanna and Mr. Empty Umpty. So remember, when you get to telling these tales they are organic. Don't imitate me; don't imitate anybody. Tell it your own way; don't try to force dialect. There's an idiom that's all right, but don't try to talk like mountain people.

The wonderful touch of the little red coattails flapping out behind him—that's from the original informant from Virginia. It goes with the hunt breakfast, y'know; and actually, they go by the little Episcopal chapel up there, and the rector blesses the horses before they go on the hunt. I don't know who blesses the fox.

How many of you recognize and know the meaning of the word "mommick"? It is in Shakespeare, spelled *mammocked.*

You will find similarities and variants to this tale in other places. It is known all over Europe, and, of course, it is an explanation of the swamp light or will-o'-the-wisp. William Butler Yeats has a long, drawn-out version of it which might be helpful. And here's the whip-snapper on the end of it the way it developed for me, though incidentally it has something to do with Halloween. In the Irish version he takes the coal of fire and puts it in a scooped-out tank. Now we use a pumpkin, and this has something to do with Halloween, this business of Wicked John. Here's the whip-snapper on the end.

Now you look out in the swamp, the Okefenokee, where Pogo lives, and other swampy places and you can still to this day see a little ball of light. Old James hasn't made up his mind where to get started, but he's keeping cool. Now some people will try to tell you that light in the swamp is nothing but marsh gas or something or other out there, but you know better now, don't you?

Reflections and Distortions: Canadian Folklore as Portrayed in Children's Literature

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CANADIAN FOLKLORE is ironically arithmetical, existing in almost inverse ratio to the constituent elements in Canada's population: The tiny Eskimo community has a living and vivid mythology; the various Indian tribes have their trickster-heroes; and the French Canadians, who form about a third of the population, recall from colonial days that they had their own form of the devil while the English Canadians, by far the majority group, can only muster up a heroic cow which may have helped Laura Secord defeat the Americans in the War of 1812.

Canadians are conscious that they have avoided the melting pot—"Pressure cooker" being, perhaps, a better description—and have retained many individual, national, ethnic characteristics. Canadian folklore illustrates that Canada is culturally still a mixture, not a compound. Hugh McLennan, an eminent Canadian novelist, refers to the separation of English and French speaking Canadians as *two solitudes.* He might well have said *four* because in terms of legend and myth and popular imagination, each founding ethnic group seems to stand alone. There have, of course, been some borrowings and assimilation, notably between Indian and French, but the differences remain far greater than the similarities. It might well be said *Fabulae Populares Canadienses sunt divisae in partes quattuor.*

The only way, then, in which to describe Canadian folklore is to treat each element separately.

ESKIMO FOLKLORE

All countries have a folklore, although not all have a literature; the transition from oral folklore to written literature has occurred at different times among different peoples. It is rather staggering to remember that as the Innuit (the name *Eskimo* was given to them by the Indians) arrived here as a stone age people some thousands of years ago, Greek mythology had probably already been lifted into literature and humanized by Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides. The contrast between the two lands is, of course, equally startling and dramatic. There is scarcely any other country that presents conditions more inclement for man than the Arctic, for it lies waste and bare of all that is otherwise considered necessary for life; and yet there the Eskimo for generations has known how to exist (*29*).

It is surely the barrenness of the land that explains the paucity of the Eskimo creation myth in comparison with that of other cultures. While there is a bow to the origins of the sun and the moon—Raven brought light to the Arctic, while the sun and the moon, respectively, are spirits of a girl whose torch burned brightly, and of a boy whose torch went out—this myth does not endeavour to explain natural phenomena. The idea of a god or a group of gods to be worshipped is alien to the Eskimo mind. The struggle for existence has induced fear rather than hope or comfort, and the beings (whether human or animal) of whom the stories tell have more power for ill than for good. Aua, an Eskimo, expressed this philosophy to Rasmussen (*28*:56) in 1921:

> We fear the weather spirit of earth, that we must fight against to wrest our food from land and sea. We fear Sila.
>
> We fear death and hunger in the cold snow huts.
>
> We fear Takánakapsâluk, the great woman down at the bottom of the sea, that rules over all the beasts of the sea.
>
> We fear the sickness that we meet with daily all around us; not death, but the suffering. We fear the evil spirits of life, those of the air, of the sea and the earth, that can help wicked shamans to harm their fellow men.
>
> We fear the souls of dead human beings and of the animals we have killed.

Many of the stories, rather naturally then, are concerned with taboos. The most important and terrible figure in Eskimo lore appears to be the spirit of Nuliajuk (or Takánahapsâluk or Sedna), the mother of animals and mistress of both the sea and the land. She notices every little breach of taboo, for she knows everything. Whenever people have been indifferent toward her, she hides all the animals; and mankind has to starve. A considerable number of stories deal with sudden killings and quick vengeance: A mother lets her blind son starve; when he regains his sight, he arranges to have her dragged into the water by a walrus. A girl who has been mistreated by her father turns into a land bear and kills him. Like folklore around the world, many of these tales give an idea of the Eskimo moral code and afford, likewise, a reflection of their feelings, of what they admire, and of what they despise and condemn. They love strength, fearlessness, helpfulness, and kindness. Cruelty not only hurts the person ill-treated but recoils upon the doer. Nothing is more certain than Nemesis.

A good number of the tales deal with the animals and birds upon whom the Eskimo depends solely for food and clothing. Even the louse has its part.

Eskimo folklore, however, does not lack fun and humour of a robust sort. Part of his genius is the Eskimo's ability to take himself lightly. One can, however, only surmise the attitude behind his explanation of the origin of the white man. Briefly, a woman marries a dog. She has ten offspring—two Eskimos, two dogs, two dogs with men's heads, two white men, and two white men with warlike dispositions. The woman puts the four white men in the sole of a boot and sets it adrift in the sea. The men drift about until they come to the white men's land, and there they settle down and produce all the white men that are now in the world (*7*).

For the white reader there is an elusive quality to many of the plots of the stories. Whereas European tradition has trained the reader to expect a beginning, a middle, and an end with all parts neatly tied together, the Eskimo legend is full of loose ends. This aspect evidently does not bother the Eskimo (*27*):

> It is not always that we want a point in our stories, if only they are amusing. It is only the white men that want a reason and an explanation for everything, and so our old men say that we should treat white men as children who always want their own way. If not, they become angry and scold.

Regardless of all the difficulties inherent in translating an oral literature into a written literature and thence into another language in one leap, it is still somewhat surprising and unfortunate that Canadian writers have produced only two books of Eskimo stories for children: *The Day Tuk Became a Hunter and Other Eskimo Stories* (*25*) and *Shadows from the Singing House* (*7*). Luckily, others have been more aware of the opportunity this material presents. Thanks to writers in the United States, one has such substantial collections as *Alaskan Igloo Tales* (*22*), *Beyond the Clapping Mountains* (*13*), and *Tundra Tales* (*37*). In general, these books respect the Eskimo culture and endeavour to appeal to children through the stories selected for retelling rather than trying to impose European patterns upon them. The one exception is *Beyond the Clapping Mountains* which twists the rather severe Eskimo stories into those resembling the sweet animal fantasies of the white man's tradition. This misapplication probably reflects the times. At its publication in the 1940s, authors and publishers had not yet come to give full respect to preserving the authenticity of native material. The two Canadian books, being of recent vintage, show much more concern for ethnological accuracy.

Although their prints and carvings have received the greatest popular acclaim, the Eskimos seem to have equal talent for storytelling. Artless though they may be by Western standards, the Eskimo folktales are good enough to stand on their own merits aesthetically, that is, simply as interesting and colourful reading. Most children will find delight in the novel and distinctive landscape—tents and igloos, ice floes and islands, walruses and polar bears. Perhaps more important, children will also come to understand and appreciate the unusual qualities of Eskimo life—the kinship with animals, the desperate struggle for sheer survival, and the reasons for Eskimo fear and laughter, for revenge and kindness.

These distinctive features of the Eskimo society and outlook seem to have fascinated the white men who came into contact with them. Many outsiders have tried to catch and depict this special flavour. Eskimos have been the object of sympathy and understanding particularly by Arctic explorers such as Rasmussen and Stefansson; Eskimos have had their passionate defenders, such as Farey Mowat in *People of the Deer,* but no one has conveyed the basic pattern of Eskimo life for children or adults as graphically as has Houston in *Tikta'Liktak* (*18*), *The White Archer* (*19*) and *Akavak* (*17*). Legend is by definition, ". . . some wonderful event, handed down for generations among a people and popularly believed to have historical basis, although not verifiable; distinguished from myth." In Houston's books Titkta'Liktak survives a winter on a barren island. The White Archer pants for revenge but succumbs to wisdom and kindness. Akavak supports his grandfather on a long and difficult trip only to see him die as the journey is accomplished. A grain of truth upon which legend is built? It seems more than likely. One thing is true, however, these books distill for children the essence of the Eskimo people—their courage in the face of danger, their patience and fortitude, and their oneness with a land that treats them harshly.

INDIAN LEGENDS

The most notable feature at the present time of the Canadian Indian legends is that Indians themselves are now writing them. After two hundred stories which are in effect translation only, the stories are at last available from "insiders." Clutesi of the Tse-Shat people of British Columbia produced *Son of Raven, Son of Deer* (*8*) and Morisseau of the Ojibways of Ontario inspired and illustrated *Windigo* (*13*). It would be joyful to report that the Indian retellers are superlative in comparison with their white counterparts, but such is unfortunately not the case. They are sometimes as good but not appreciably better.

The stories in *Son of Raven, Son of Deer* were handed down in the Clutesi family for at least four hundred years. These stories of the foolhardy son of Deer and the greedy and thoughtless son of Raven must have acted as a kind of *Aesop's Fables* for children concerned—the morals of a society being taught through animal fables. (*Aesop's Fables* were probably transmitted orally for a long time before being written down, but they may well have been in written form by 400 B.C.) Like *Aesop's* Clutesi's fables have a universality of theme; but plots are not sharpened and honed, and the style is uneven. The stories are, however, short, lively, and often couched in modern idiom displaying more of the characteristics of the folk tale than do most Indian legends.

The tale that was told orginally must have been used with a small, homogeneous, captive audience. In writing or in print, a tale seeks to compel a wider audience, and hence come the problems that derive from swift transmission and transition. These difficulties can be seen specifically in Morisseau's *Legends of My People: The Great Ojibway* (*26*) which was edited by Selwyn Dewdney. Wisely, Dewdney did not exercise a strong editorial hand, and so the material can be seen for what it is—stories "that were poured out of Morisseau's mind and memory without regard for sequence, so that in their original form they comprise a fascinating but often confusing potpourri of legends, anecdotes, observations, reports, and personal comments." The slight editing and the addition of English punctuation do not conceal the inherent crudities and amorphous plots of the Indian legends. The material reveals the inherent difficulty of presenting Indian materials to non-Indians more than the fact that the "teller" is the recipient of only a white man's fourth grade education.

Morisseau's intent and perhaps his true genius can be seen in the book of legends that he illustrated: *Windigo and Other Tales of the Ojibway* (*31*). The drawings have been greatly praised, not only for their artistry (they have an Eskimo and Oriental flavour as well as Indian) but also for their symbolism (Morisseau shows the insides of his characters as well as the outsides). The stories are becomingly standard Indian fare—the windigo, the shaking tent, the thunderbird, Whiskey Jack. The book ends with a famous Ojibway legend concerning the white man—here called "The Silver Curse"—in which the great God Manitou sends a giant to protect a hoard of silver from the ravages of the white man. "To this day a giant lies asleep on Silver Island. You can see him from Port Arthur on a clear day when you look across Thunder Bay."

It is hoped Canadian-Indian storytellers will continue to recreate their own legends and traditions for themselves and for others and will also weave them into the fabric of Canadian life in general as their white counterparts have tried to do.

Such white men's versions of Canadian-Indian legends are fairly numerous and have a much longer history. Johnson (half Mohawk) recounts British Columbia Indian tales in *Legends of Vancouver* (*21*). Macmillan casts many legends in a rather soft, fairy tale form in *Canadian Wonder Tales and Canadian Fairy Tales.* From these the Micmac Glooscap stories were extracted and republished in 1955 as *Glooscap's Country* (*24*). A fairly general collection, *Thunder in the Mountains* (*16*), was published in 1947. Recently, however, the collecting and recounting were undertaken on a large scale. The great upsurge came in the 1960s, when a small but vigorous group of authors demonstrated the skills of selection and interpretation, as well as a knowledge of Indian life, and made literature out of a large, unwieldy, diverse mass of oral tradition: namely, *Sketco the Raven* (*4*); *The Bear Who Stole the Chinook* (*10*); *Tales of Nanabozho* (*30*); *Once Upon a Totem* (*14*); *Glooscap and His Magic* and *Badger the Mischief Maker* (*15*); and *The Wind Along the River* (*11*). Feeling that Indian legends should be brought to the attention of children younger than those for whom the foregoing books were intended, Toye retells two famous tales: *The Mountain Goats of Temleham* (*35*) and *How Summer Came to Canada* (*34*). These have been published separately in picture book format with eye-catching and authentic four-colour illustrations by Elizabeth Cleaver.

Looking at all these books as a group, one notes that the differences between the Indian legends and their European counterparts are substantial enough to disconcert the non-Indian but not necessarily defeat him. The Indians' concept of a spirit in all natural phenomena is, indeed, somewhat alien. Their heroes are often volatile and inconsistent—the trickster-heroes often cause as much mischief to man as good and in neither case is the motive always clear. The plots, at least as related by ethnologists, lack cohesion, embellishment, and rhythm.

A deep acquaintanceship with Indian lore and life is necessary for an appreciation of the tales in *What They Used To Tell About: Indian Legends From Labrador* (*9*). These stories were collected by the University of Montreal Department of Anthropology and will have to await the touch of the master storyteller before entering popular consciousness (either white or Indian) from other tribal cultures.

Yet the Indian legend does take its place in the world commonality of the oral tradition. The combination of familiarity and strangeness is a standard aspect of myths, hero stories, and folktales and may indeed constitute their chief appeal to children. They reassure by their naiveté, enthrall by their wonder, and stretch the child emotionally and imaginatively as he learns the fundamental qualities of the human race. And in the hands of a genuine storyteller, a good story is a good story anywhere. Here is one from Reid's *Tales of Nanabozho* (*30*):

> Nanabozho was prowling around the woods one day looking for mischief when he came upon some wild geese resting on a lake weary from their journey from the North. Nanabozho was pleased. Now he would have a great feast. He made a rope out of cedar bark and swam under the water and not only tied each bird's legs together but also tied each bird to another. At first all went well, for Nanabozho was so cunning and swift that the geese did not notice him or know what was happening. But his greed betrayed him. Instead of being content with a few geese, he went on to tie up the whole flock; and just as he was finishing, he had to come up for air. He made such a loud whoosh when he inhaled that the geese took flight. The first goose to fly up was in the middle of the rope, and all the others followed. As they rose from the lake, they formed a *V* because they were tied together, and Nanabozho dangled at one end. He shouted to the birds to stop, but the geese only beat the air more desperately with their strong grey wings. Already he was far above the treetops, which looked very sharp and unyielding. Just then the birds flew over a stretch of soft, swampy ground. Nanabozho let go of the rope with a shout and landed in a bed of oozing mud.
>
> As for the geese, they continued on their way, still flying in a *V* because of the rope that joined them together. Wild geese have been flying that way ever since, as you can see if you look up into the autumn sky when they go calling past. Some think there is a note of sadness in their cry, but others believe it is derisive, that they are mocking Nanabozho for failing in his trick.
>
> It was not long before Nanabozho forgot the foolish side of his adventure. All he remembered was that he had flown through the air. He composed a song to celebrate this feat, a song he never tired of singing:
>
> Flocks of wild geese up in the sky,
> Nanabozho flew as far and as high.
>
> The people listened respectfully to Nanabozho's song, but whenever he was out of hearing they sang a different one:
>
> High in the autumn sky
> Wild geese are calling
> Down from the autumn sky
> Nana is falling.

A new world! As the French streamed across the Atlantic in the seventeenth century, the land that was entered by the great Rivière du Canada appeared as one where anything could happen—gold for the taking, spices for the picking, the gateway to the great western ocean and the Indies around the curve of every forest trail and river bend. There were wonder tales to be heard, too—stories of "anthropophagi" and men whose "heads do grow beneath their shoulders"; "two-footed beasts, one-legged men, pygmies, and giants"—and Champlain records such a tale (*23*):

> There is another strange thing worthy of record . . . . To the southward, near Chaleur Bay, lies an isle where lives a dreadful monster called by the savages Gougou, which they told me, had woman's shape, but very terrible, and so tall, said they, that the top of the masts of our vessel would not have reached her waist . . . and that she has often devoured, and still devours, many savages, whom she puts in a great pouch when she can catch them, and then eats them; and those who had escaped the peril of this direful beast said that this pouch was so large that she could have put our vessel in it . . . .

Back in France at about the same time, a poet and courtier was giving classic form to the stories about Bluebeard, Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderella. It can be presumed that these old world tales were the first to be heard by children born in Champlain's settlement and slowly to be adapted to a new setting. There was another, even stronger element brought to Canada by the French, and that was faith. "That faith, clothed in Catholic dress, was deeper than Catholicism. It was faith in the French race; above all, faith in his vision" (*23*:2).

This aspect of the habitants' lives became basic to the folklore that flourished and changed in *New* France. The French were quick to adjust to the exigencies of the New World. They learned the art of canoeing and the forest trails; they learned the ways of the Indian and his languages to a far greater extent than did the English who came later and they also learned the Indian tales. So we have these various components—the old world fairy tale, religious beliefs, and Indian myths often meshing to form the classical French-Canadian legend.

Aubry's *The Magic Fiddler* (*3*) is the most recent and attractive collection of French-Canadian legends. These legends are part of the repertory recorded by various French-Canadian authors, including Barbeau, the dean of Canadian folklorists. A beautiful and expensive production, it was not planned for children but certainly could be enjoyed by them and used for them by experienced storytellers. This is not a random gathering of French-Canadian literature but rather a core collection giving the essence of French-Canadian culture as moulded by its origins, its religion, and its early

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contact with the Indians. One of the most famous stories is "Rose Latulippe" (recently made into a Canadian opera). Rose dances right into Ash Wednesday with the handsome stranger dressed in black. But Monsieur Le Curé defeats the devil as the version ends:

> Rose appears to have survived this strange experience. Certain versions say that she became a nun; others, that she married her fiancé and had many children; still others have it that she remained an old maid. Who knows which of these punishments would have been the most severe?

Related to this story is "The Magic Fiddler" who enchants a whole village into breaking the Lenten rules against dancing. The whole village disappears. "Le Chasse-Galerie" or "The Witch Canoe" is a tale of the devil-may-care French lumbermen who use the power of the devil to fly to their homes for New Year's Eve. Many French-Canadian legends are "true" legends in that they are based on historical fact. Of these, "The Caughanawaga Bell" is perhaps the best known and the most distressing to a modern audience. A bell created for an Indian mission ends up through the fortunes of war in a Protestant church steeple in New England. The Caughanawaga join the French on the raid—traveling hundreds of miles through bitter winter weather—to recover their bell. They do so after massacring most of the New England villagers and driving off the rest as prisoners—and all of this activity is encouraged by their priest! Such legends as Percé Rock combine the historical plausible with the supernatural. Blanche de Beaumont hurls herself into the sea rather than submit to the pirate captain who has captured her. The pirate ship and all its company are changed into a rock that can be seen today in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

All the legends retold in books as Boswell's *Legends of Quebec* (*6*) and Woodley's *Legends of French Canada* (*36*) are replete with the accoutrements of life in the wilderness—werewolves, snowstorms, horses—and of a people deeply religious—bell, priests, the devil, midnight masses. Religious doubts are punished most severely.

The culturally imported story, put into a Canadian setting, can perhaps be seen at its most dramatic in the one of John the Baptist and Herodias with Salomé cast as a French-Canadian princess in the Kingdom of the Saugenay.

Aubry is also the author of two legend-type stories for children—doubtless products of his own imagination but cast in the folklore mould and inducing belief that "this really happened." *The King of the Thousand Islands* (*2*) tells the story of how Maha-Maha II, early in Canada's history, constructed the Thousand Islands to please a siren brought from the sea for his amusement. *The Christmas Wolf* (*1*) could have stepped out of the pages of medieval legend, except for its setting. On Christmas Eve at midnight mass in a small French-Canadian village, a tough old wolf who has come down in life is converted by the Nativity scene and is fed by the parishioners.

The traditional hero of the folktale in Quebec is Petit-Jean, the Jack of the European folktales. He is usually the youngest son, quick-witted, kind, and resourceful. A great number of stories about him have been collected by Barbeau and Lanctot. Most are available only in manuscript and in the original French of the raconteur. The one collection available for children is Barbeau's *The Golden Phoenix* (*5*). It contains two Petit-Jean stories as well as the now well-known and popular "The Princess of Tomboso." This tale recounts the familiar folklore theme of a vain and selfish princess who eventually gets her comeuppance. An astute mixture of the traditional and realistic, the story has a refreshingly tart ending and a rhythm and lilt that bring out all its humour:

> He took the bowl and shook it. A leather belt fell out. Written on it in letters of gold were these words:
>
> PUT ME ON AND TELL ME WHERE:
> QUICK AS LIGHTNING YOU'LL BE THERE.
>
> Jacques lost no time. Clasping the belt around his waist, he wished himself into the castle. Whoosh!—and there he stood inside the castle. He wished himself back into the barn. Whoosh! There he was back again.
>
> "Well, it works," he said. "Now I can travel cheap."

ENGLISH-CANADIAN FOLKLORE

In comparison with the Eskimo, the Indian, and the French-Canadian, English-Canadians have no cohesive body of folklore or legend. It seems obvious now that when the English-Canadian settlers wanted a tale after a hard day's work, they turned only to the literature of their mother country. It is perhaps worthwhile noting that the earliest writers of pioneer days, such as Moodie and Traill, while describing the countryside in detail, recorded no tales or legends or strange happenings. The English were at first not a large, homogeneous unit but were strung out along the United States border from Halifax to Toronto and eventually to Victoria. English-Canadian tales—when they can be found—are pointedly regional or provincial.

English-Canadians have also eschewed the historical legend. It is unfortunate for myth-making that Canada has such a well-documented history, beginning with the explorers, most of whom were not only keen to observe but who also recorded what they observed and were careful to distinguish between what they observed and what they heard. So, not for the English-Canadians were the stories of King Alfred and the cakes, King Canute, George Washington and the cherry tree, or, indeed, any other weldings of fact and fiction indulged in by the FrencThe closest the English-Canadians came to such narratives are two historic myths enjoyed by earlier generations but now not allowed by teachers d historians. One such tale has it that General Wolfe recited Gray's *Eleg*s he rowed downstream the night before the Battle of the Plains of Abram (*33*). The second story tells how Laura Secord, in the War of 1812rove a cow before her as a kind of cover for her trip through the enemynes to warn the Canadians of the impending American attack (*20*). Allood Canadian folklorists are determined that reason and fact shall *not*revail and hope that these myths, planted firmly in the minds of the older neration, will survive the assaults of the authenticity-minded scholars!

From this small stock of folklore, e may begin description at the extreme east of Canada where the lanof the "blue-water men"—Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edwrd Island—give most of the sea songs and chanteys and also one seale. The mystery ship the *Mary Celeste* has been given glamour by ma writers, including Conan Doyle. The plain facts are gripping enough. I1872 the ship was found drifting and abandoned but totally seaworthy. Ivas obvious that the crew had left without a struggle, taking with them thchronometer, the papers, and the lifeboat. Many writers have made a gooyarn out of this material, and, of course, the suspense never slackens foren now each reader must supply his own ending (*32*). The material is dramatic as that of the "Flying Dutchman." But perhaps the *Mary Celte* came too late in history to stir men's imaginations. It seems rather to s a search for clues.

The history of Nova Scotia also abouds in tragedies perpetrated by the French and the English and by the Indis, often at the instigation of both white groups. The most moving story if the Acadians; but, alas, it was Longfellow, not a Canadian, who made *angeline* an immortal figure.

Ontario is somewhat similar—rich iistory, but weak in legend. The Prairie Provinces, particularly Alberta, ve more fruitful ground. Admittedly, the Canadian West never had the mour—nor the rule of gun if one believes the movies—that has charactered the American West. With the formation of the Royal Canadian Mount Police in 1874, chiefly to control the illegal whiskey trade with the Indiangunsmoke was only noticeable in genuine, if abortive, Indian and Metis risings. Frontier life here, as in the United States, produced its share local characters, however, who are close to passing into the tall-tale catory. For example, there is "Eye-Opener" Bob (Bob Edwards), jester, tiper, and newspaper editor (particularly the *Calgary Eye-Opener*) who h become a legend for his pranks and outspoken ways as well as for his caal but brilliant newspapers.

Many such tales are told in Gard's *Jony Chinook, Tall Tales and True From the Canadian West* (*12*). Gard an American whose brain child, Johnny Chinook, is becoming popular in Canada. Anyway, who could resist telling a tall tale such as this (*12*: 299-300):

> Johnny's been a lumberman, rafter, rancher, railroader, trapper, trader, surveyor, storekeeper, lawyer, newspaperman, bootlegger. . . . But more'n anything, Johnny's been a straight, honest-to-goodness *liar*. He was born to tell the biggest whoppers in the world . . . like *this* whopper:
>
> Johnny's wife was big and stern,
> Even her firewood wouldn't burn!
> There wasn't a thing in the camp to eat . . .
> So she says to Johnny, oh, so sweet:
>
> "Get out there, Johnny, and get me something to eat and don't come back till you get plenty! Cause me and th' kids are perishin' away!"
>
> Johnny took his gun and as he said, "I didn't know where I was goin'. I had to get something for my folks to eat. I only had one bullet. I walked, and I walked, and I walked, and I walked, and I walked. I must have walked a hundred miles. Maybe two hundred. Anyway, I was getting tired, and it was getting on quite late, and dark was settin' in. *Suddenly I came to a river bed and suddenly I heard the sound of ducks feeding.* Looking around some willow, I found I was on the banks of a small creek . . . in a country new and strange to me. It was a most peculiar stream windin' in a series of regular curves across a wooded plain. I crept closer, and closer, and closer, and pretty soon I saw a big, fat duck feeding just around the second bend. I crawled forward, and saw another duck feeding in the third bend. Nine ducks were feeding, each one in a bend of the creek! What was I gonna do? I only had one bullet! Suddenly I saw a way to feed the hungry family waiting for me far away. I dropped to the ground. I carefully surveyed the bend in the stream. Then placing my trusty gun across my knee, I bent it to match to the bend in the creek. Like this . . . (creak). Examining the other bends, I bent the gun barrel this way (creak, downward inflection) and that (creak, upward inflection) and this way and that (creak down, creak up) until it was shaped exactly like the bends in the stream. Then I went to the level of the water and drew me a bead on that first duck. I pulled the trigger . . . Bang, the bullet whistled on its way. Hit the first duck (in a surprised voice)
>
> Quack!
> Hit the second duck,
> (in a different surprised manner) Quack!
> Hit the third duck,
> Quack!
> Hit the fourth duck,
> Quack!
> Hit the fifth duck,

> Quack!
> Hit the sixth duck,
> Quack!
> Hit the seventh duck,
> Quack!
> Hit the eighth duck,
> Quack!
> Hit the ninth duck. . . (silence) . . . I know darn well I hit the ninth duck. (a final dying quack) Thanks pardner. Just a moment there I thought I'd missed her."

Many incidents Gard relates are naturally coloured with Indian lore. The great rocks standing near Crow's Nest Road are a result of Napé's (the Old Man of the Prairie Indians) hurling rocks at his daughter who was eloping with a Northern chief (*12*: 52). A huge pine tree that stands in solitude somewhere along the banks of the Highwood River is really Nahpi (Napé) who had the ill-judgment to reject his own mate because she had disguised herself as a hag (*12*: 59). Gard, although dealing with what might be called the raw material of legend, starts it off well. This one could be called "How Saskatchewan Began" (*12*: 115):

> This wind started in the summer and kept on going until the fall of the year. When the wind finally stopped blowing, folks quit crawling around on all fours and ventured to walk upright. Soon as they did so, they noticed that quite a few of the old settlers were unaccountably absent. They had just been quietly blown over to Saskatchewan, and according to the foothills people that is how Saskatchewan got its start.

Gard also relates a genuine legend or two. After the Indian massacre at Frog Lake on the morning of April 2, 1885, some Indians carried the bodies back to the chapel. A picture of the sacred heart suddenly assumed a threatening attitude and, with a gesture of its hand, signified the retribution to fall upon those who had committed the murders. In terror, the Indians threw the bodies of the priests into the cellar and set the church on fire (*12*: 281).

If the English-Canadians have not contributed much to Canada's folklore, the English-Canadian children's librarians, at any rate, have shown that they like and value what the other ethnic groups have accomplished. Comparatively speaking, Canadian librarians have given many more awards to books of legend and folklore than has the Newbery Award committee. Canadian award books include Macmillan's *Glooscap's Country and Other Indian Tales* (1957); Barbeau's *The Golden Phoenix and Other French-Canadian Fairy Tales* (1960); Reid's *Tales of Nanabozho* (1965); McNeill's *The Double Knights: More Tales From Round the World* (1966); and Houston's *Tikta'liktak* (1966). Awards have also gone to three books which may be described as rooted in Indian life: *The Sun Horse* by Catherine Anthony Clark (1952); *The Whale People* by Roderick Haig-Brown (1962); and *Raven's Cry* by Christie Harris (1966).

Though the stock of legends is not large, Canadians are learning to prize it and use it. It is hoped that, with time, the heritage will come to be a valued element in the international store of myth, fable, legend, and folklore.

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The American Hero in American Children's Literature

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For some time the subject of heroes has intrigued me. In watching and reading about children and teenagers today, I have been considering the qualities which they seem to be expressing: qualities of independence, disregard for "the way it has always been," and unwillingness to accept a custom just because it has served someone else well. Being a librarian who has worked primarily with elementary school children, I began to think about those books on American heroes which we give to children.

I realized that many of the familiar books about heroes depict characters who were not American. For instance, one of my favorite childhood books was Howard Pyle's *Adventures of Robin Hood,* which I read and reread, rejoicing in the addition of Little John to the band, thinking King Richard a true figure of an actual noble, and enjoying the romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

Of course, there are many other heroes for children besides Robin Hood. There are King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. There is the story of Odysseus, the wanderer, and his many adventures on his way home to his loving wife, Penelope, after a long war. Can we forget Beowulf, vanquisher of the monster Grendel? or Sigurd? or Roland? or El Cid?

Smith (*9*) tells us "Hero stories belong to that permanent kind of literature which represents the ideals and the way of thinking of the heroic age of the people with whom they originated. They reflect a temper of mind rather than a time. . . ."

And *Webster's Seventh Collegiate Dictionary* (*12*) defines a hero as "a mythological or legendary figure often of divine descent endowed with great strength or ability," or as "an illustrious warrior," or as "a man admired and emulated for his achievements and qualities."

Let's go back to Smith's statement: "Hero stories . . . [a] way of thinking of the heroic age. . . ." What is the heroic age of the United States? I think of it as that time when the first settlers were making their way to these shores, conquering the wilderness, pushing back the frontier, and wresting a living from a now-friendly, now-antagonistic landscape. And yet I would venture to guess that many of us have a sense of nostalgia for the simple life, the day when the only adversary seemed to be nature herself.

Writing in the *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend,* Botkin (*2*) says, "If American folklore is, on the whole, closer to history than to myth, it is because America as a whole is closer to the beginnings of settlement and to the oral and written sources of local history."

Consider heroes like King Arthur or Robin Hood. Even though they did not originate in this country, they have been with us from the beginning. King Arthur and Robin Hood have been familiar figures to American children since the first books were published on this continent. But these heroes are not natives, nor did they even renounce their prior ties and become American citizens. They are English, and English they remain, although they are adopted members of the American family. And the same can be said for the classical heroes.

Who, then, are the native American heroes? Botkin (*2*) says:

> American popular and legendary heroes are divided between the prosaic, plebian Yankee virtues of hard work, perseverence [sic], common sense, thrift, faculty of "know-how," and hardiness, and the primitive virtues of red-blooded courage, muscle, brawn, brute force, and animal cunning. Because the New England ethos bred strong characters and eccentrics rather than heroic types, the typical American hero is the Western hero—the picaresque type of footloose adventurer, product and symbol of a "society cut loose from its roots" and of a "time of migrations." In the thin and shifting line that separates law-enforcement from law-breaking on the frontier, hero-worship glorifies the good bad man and the bad good man along with the poor boy who makes good.
>
> Yet throughout the galaxy of American heroes—tricksters, showmen, conquerors, saviors—the familiar lineaments of the whittling, tinkering, scheming, prying comic Yankee are seen. As a culture hero he culminates in the comic demigod of the Paul Bunyan type—the superman and the work giant in a world of gadgets, who has the whole country to tinker and whittle with.

Botkin puts America's heroic age later than I place it. He says it is the age of ". . . industrial pioneering and craftsmanship, before the days of mechanization and unionization of labor." The American heroes I am going to discuss, however, seem to me to come just slightly before Botkin's definition of our heroic age.

Let's begin our consideration of individual American heroes with the forenamed Paul Bunyan. Should I mention that there's some question as to whether Bunyan is really an American? Some say that he's a Canadian or French-Canadian. *American Folk and Fairy Tales* (*10*) includes a tale which states, "Then he [Paul Bunyan] felt amazed beyond words that the simple fact of entering Real America and becoming a Real American could make him feel so exalted, so pure, so noble, so good. And an indomitable conquering spirit had come to him also. He now felt that he could whip his weight in wildcats, that he could pull the clouds out of the sky, or chew up stones, or tell the whole world anything." Perhaps we should just say that Paul Bunyan is American in the larger sense of the word.

If there is anything that describes Paul Bunyan perfectly, it is that word *large*. Perhaps *enormous* would be more exact. McCormick (*5*) says of him "Mightiest hero of the North Woods! A man of great size and strength who was taller than the trees of the forest."

One of my favorite tales of Paul is the one about his babyhood told in *Yankee Doodle's Cousins* (*6*). Paul's mother had a hard time rocking him to sleep, and finally the family built a raft and placed Paul's cradle on it. They towed it out into the Bay of Fundy, where the waves rocked Paul to sleep. All went well until Paul's mother got busy with a few other things and forgot that it was time to feed Paul. Since Paul was such an enormous baby, he had an enormous appetite to match and did not take kindly to missing a meal. Paul squalled and kicked and raised such a rumpus that he rocked the cradle every which way, creating such havoc among the waters and tides of the Bay of Fundy that they haven't settled down yet. And that's why the Bay of Fundy tides are so spectacular.

It seems that young Paul couldn't decide what he wanted to do in life. But finally he looked at the tall trees and decided that it was his destiny to cut them down to clear the land. So he invented loggers and logging camps. He was not easily discouraged, no matter what the problem or the job at hand. Paul, of course, gathered around himself a host of unique fellows, including Johnnie Inkslinger, his clerk, and Cream-Puff Fatty, his cook. And certainly we must mention Babe, the Blue Ox, only one of the many heroic animals we find attached to American heroes. Babe was blue, of course, because Paul found him in a snowdrift during the Winter of the Blue Snow and took him home and cosseted him. Babe grew very fast and consumed just as much food as Paul had in his growing days. One winter the supply of fodder ran out, and Babe was wasting away. Paul had his blacksmith fashion a pair of spectacles with green lenses for Babe. When Paul perched these on the Blue Ox's nose, Babe looked at the snow covering the ground and thought it was grass; and the food problem was solved.

Did Paul Bunyan ever marry? Most of the tales omit any mention of a wife, although Walter Blair says that Paul had one, named Carrie, and that there were two children born to him. How and when did Paul die? Malcolmson (*6*) says, "He is an immortal . . . he lives forever."

The term "North Woods" for Paul Bunyan's locale gives us a lot of the United States to roam around in. And of course, Paul is claimed by Maine and Minnesota and many of the states in between. We find Paul in the oil fields of the Middle West. And we find him in a few of the tales told about out next hero, Pecos Bill.

Pecos Bill was one of 18 children, each of them marked by their mother with a star so she could sort them out quickly from the hordes of children always found on the frontier. Bill's father was a wanderer, or perhaps we should just say he didn't care for close neighbors. The whole family was headed west in a wagon, but crossing the Pecos River was quite a proposition; and Bill got bounced off the wagon tail and left in the middle of what little road there was. Bill's mishap went unnoticed in the general activity, and when later he was missed, the family couldn't find him, search as they would.

Bill was found by an old coyote, picked up, and taken to her den. From that day forth he considered himself a coyote. He learned animal talk and bird talk. The only two desert dwellers who would not swear to hold Bill's life sacred were the rattlesnake and the wowser. Pecos Bill was very happy as a coyote until the day he ran into a human, who talked to him and whose language came back to him little by little. This fellow, who turned out to be Bill's brother, persuaded Pecos that he couldn't be a coyote because he didn't have a tail. So Bill accepted his destiny, went back to the ranch with his brother, and became a cowboy.

Felton (*3*) tells us, "Bill was big. Every statement as to his size may be accepted as the precise truth because it is a simple fact that Pecos Bill was too big to lie about." Bill was also a smart man; he taught the cowboys how to lasso cattle. Before his advent, the hands had spent hours laying a rope circle on the ground, hiding behind a convenient bunch of mesquite, and waiting for the cow to decide to step into the circle. Bill saw the foolishness of this tactic and invented the lasso and roping. He also invented branding, some say inspired by the mark his mother had set upon him and which had led to his knowing his brother. After the branding came the roundup, and then, because the cowboys needed something to quiet the herds with, Pecos Bill invented the cowboy song.

One of the tales told about Pecos Bill is how he got his beautiful white mustang. The cowboys had tried many times to capture this magnificent stallion, but Pegasus, as he was called, had simply laughed in horse fashion at them and outguessed and outrun them. But when Pecos Bill started on the hunt, Pegasus found that he could not run faster than this human. And the human could also fathom what trick the stallion was going to try next. Finally there was a showdown. Pecos Bill caught up with Pegasus and invited him to become his horse, leaving the decision to the mustang. But who could resist Bill's persuasive tactics? Pegasus gladly gave up his freedom to become a partner to Pecos Bill. Bill promised that no one else would ever ride him and took him proudly home to the ranch.

Though Bill had said that no one else was to mount Pegasus, one of the cowboys tried it and got tossed to the top of Pike's Peak; then Pegasus was renamed Widowmaker.

Pecos Bill invented so many laborsaving devices for the cowboys that he had much more time for wooing than Paul Bunyan. When Slue-Foot Sue entered Bill's life, he fell head over heels in love with the girl who could ride a catfish down the Rio Grande, whooping all the way. In some stories, however, Sue, daughter of an English nobleman who bought a ranch from Bill, needed help in learning how to ride. This Pecos was glad to provide. When he shyly asked Sue to become his wife, she said "yes," exacting from him a promise that she could ride Widowmaker. Pecos had never intended this to happen, of course, but what a man will say in a weak moment! Sue came into the living room where Bill stood before the preacher, dressed in the height of fashion which then included a bustle. Seeing that everyone's attention was directed at the minister's habit, Sue saw her chance, jumped out of the window in her wedding clothes, and landed on Widowmaker's back. The startled horse bucked, and Sue flew high into the sky, having to duck her head to miss the moon. When she hit earth again, she landed on her bustle and bounced into the heavens once more. Bill looked on in anguish, but there was little he could do. Some versions say that he shot her to keep her from dying of starvation. I like the version that says he shot food up to her, but that when Sue finally stopped bouncing, she was so weak and chastened that she informed Bill she could never marry him and live in the West.

Leach's *Dictionary of Folklore* (*4*) has it that Pecos Bill was "weaned on moonshine liquor and died from drinking nitroglycerine," but Stoutenburg (*11*) avers, "No one knows, for sure, how he died, or even if he did die."

Talking about these two giants of legend leads us very naturally to Alfred Bulltop Stormalong. One source tells us that he was five fathoms tall and another that he had "ocean water in his veins" (*11*). Stormalong was a sailor, and it is from his first two initials, A. B., that we get the letters sailors put after their names, Stormalong's first captain having said, "He looks like an able-bodied seaman" (*11*).

Stormalong captured a whale and invented the first refrigerator ship by chipping off enough ice to freeze a whole whale in the hold of his ship. Stormalong had a weakness for food, and at one time thought that he'd had enough of the ocean. He strode west and tried to become a farmer, but he wasn't happy. His greatest feat besides catching the whale was making the White Cliffs of Dover. His huge ship was driven by a storm one day into the English Channel, and there was doubt in the crew's eyes that Stormalong could keep the ship from being battered to pieces in the narrow channel. He had them bring out all the soap they had and rub the ship's sides with it.

Then he steered such a true course that the soap rubbed off on the cliffs, leaving them white to this very day.

Malcolmson (*6*) tells us, ". . . most of the tales agree that he died of indigestion," but Stoutenburg (*11*) says that after a race with a steamboat against his clipper ship, ". . . the great lifeless figure slumped over the pilot's wheel. Some people say that wasn't the end of Stormalong. They say he did go on to build a great ship in the sky, and that it is the ship's shadow which causes the eclipse of the moon."

A fourth American hero of huge size was John Henry. Malcolmson (*6*) describes him thusly: ". . . as big as an oak, as strong as a bull, and as black as a skillet." Shapiro (*8*) tells us, "He was almost as tall as a boxcar is long."

John Henry was a large baby, as were all these American heroes, and some versions say that he was born with a hammer in his hand. Other tales say that the baby found a hammer lying around, grasped it, and knew his destiny. Some say he was born a slave and picked cotton for a long time. Then he took his wife, Polly Ann, and went down to New Orleans, where he became a roustabout on the Mississippi River steamboats. But John Henry wasn't happy with his work, and when he heard of the tunnel that was being built for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, he got himself a job hammering through the mountain. He was his boss's pride and joy. One day a promoter selling a steam drill came along and challenged John Henry's boss to pit his best man against the machine. John Henry picked up his hammer and went to work. Finally the contest ended. Let Malcolmson (*6*) give the conclusion: "He'd beaten the drill. But with his last powerful stroke, his great heart had burst within him."

John Henry seems to be a southern hero, as Paul Bunyan speaks for the North, Pecos Bill for the West, and Stormalong for the eastern seacoast. I can't resist putting in a hero from my state, Pennsylvania.

Have you ever heard of Joe Magarac, the man who was made of steel? He turned up one day when there was a friendly contest for the hand of pretty Mary, whose father worked in Pennsylvania's steel mills and who wanted the strongest man around for his son-in-law. Grinning hugely, Joe Magarac lifted all the weights provided but refused to accept the pretty Mary as his prize. Shortly thereafter he went to work in the steel mills tending the hearths. Shapiro (*8*) states of him, ". . . he was the best feller for making steel in the whole world . . . he was solid steel all over." Magarac is described in this way: "He was a big feller, too. Not so big high, maybe. Only seven or eight feet tall, about. But he was as big around as the smokestack on the steel mill. His arms were as strong as steel rails."

Joe used to test the molten steel by putting his hand in the cauldron, and he made rails by squeezing the steel through his fingers. One day, when they were building a new steel mill, Joe Magarac decided that his greatest work was done but that he wanted to be a steel man and associated with steel forever. So he jumped into the pot of hot liquid steel, melted down, and became a part of the new mill.

Let's turn now from American heroes who had no real-life counterparts to a few who were actual people who stirred the imagination of their neighbors. We certainly must mention Johnny Appleseed or John Chapman. He was born in 1774 and died in 1845. Botkin says that he ". . . occupies a unique place in the pantheon of folk heroes—the poetic symbol of spiritual pioneering, of self-abnegation combined with service, of plain living and high thinking."

Johnny Appleseed was so named because of his habit of wandering through the sparsely settled frontier lands giving away apple seeds and young apple seedlings. He had news for the settlers, too, news from heaven. He would tell them Bible tales and preach the necessity for loving one another, which for him included animals as well as people. He wore very simple clothes and carried his cooking pot on his head in place of a hat. He is said to have had a tame wolf as his companion; and while he accepted hospitality from the settlers as far as meals went, he preferred to sleep outdoors, no matter what the weather. He was well known to and accepted by the Indians. Stoutenburg (*11*) characterizes Johnny as a "rainbow-walker" and says that when he died, "He started up the rainbow."

Another real-life hero who was considerably more rambuctious than Johnny Appleseed was Davy Crockett. He was born in frontier Tennessee in 1786. He rose from a backwoods cabin to become a member of the United States Congress. Rourke (*7*), one of his biographers, says: "About no single American figure have so many legends clustered. After Crockett's death whole cycles of legendary tales were told about him that form a rich outflowering of the American imagination. But side by side with the legend is the living figure."

In common with Paul Bunyan and Stormalong, Davy was big. He was "the biggest baby that ever was and a little the smartest that ever will be." He was like Paul Bunyan also in creating a disturbance as a baby: ". . . if he laughed or cried, he did it so loud that it used to set the cider barrels rolling around the cellar." He, of course, could accomplish all physical tasks better than anyone else. "He could swim faster, dive deeper, and come up dryer than half the men in all creation" (*1*).

Davy loved animals and animals loved him. He was famous for his grin, and tales are told of his ability to grin a coon out of a tree. Indeed, one time, he grinned and grinned and grinned but finally had to give up on a coon; he found out later that what seemed to be a coon was a knot high up in the tree.

Davy not only raised a ruckus on the frontier but a family as well. And of course Polly was "just the right-size wife for him, being about half as tall as the Northern Lights and twice as good at dancing" (*11*). Davy Crockett died at the Alamo, but there are tales that he was shot with a silver bullet that left no mark and that he later followed the Mexicans and revenged the death of some of his comrades and went wandering thereafter through the West and even to the South Seas.

We've talked about seven American heroes, and we could mention as many more. There is Mike Fink, hero of the keelboatmen; Daniel Boone, another walker of wilderness trails like Crockett; Tony Beaver, the southern counterpart of Paul Bunyan, and some say, once one of Bunyan's men; and Casey Jones, the darling of the railroadmen. And we haven't begun to mention the historical heroes like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, about whom many apocryphal tales are told.

All of the incidents come from children's literature, from books created primarily for use by children, ages nine to fourteen. Some of the writers (Blair, Shapiro, Stoutenburg) have given us collections of stories about all of the legendary figures mentioned. My own favorite grabbag of stories is *Yankee Doodle's Cousins* by Malcolmson. Perhaps I feel in her stories this spirit, made explicit in her introduction to the book: "But how can we help our beloved ten-year-olds to an affectionate pride in their country? . . . Paul Bunyan and Pecos Bill are ten years old at heart. Their humor, their wildly romantic exaggerations, their quixotic naivete, their lack of self-consciousness, and their hardheaded adaptability to circumstances—all these are qualities of the average fifth grader" (*6*). Leach, in *The Rainbow Book of* *erican Folk Tales and Legends*, has also given us a rich source in which to find shorter hero tales for telling, conveniently arranged by type of tale and by state.

Other writers have written primarily on one of the folk heroes: McCormick and Rounds have given us stories about Paul Bunyan. Bowman has given us books dealing with Mike Fink and Pecos Bill. Felton has specialized in books about American heroes and has written about Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, Alfred Bulltop Stormalong, John Henry, Mike Fink, and a host of lesser-known personages, including Ed Grant, the most truthful man in Maine. Felton's books have a sly humor running through them that is most palatable.

We have only one book which approaches a picture book on an American hero, and that is Keat's *John Henry*. This is a most attractive publication, useful with older as well as younger children. Turney's *Paul Bunyan, the Work Giant* also approaches a picture book format but looks a little old-fashioned. Peck's *Pecos Bill and Lightning* is another volume which is short and interesting.

It's difficult to characterize the books available about Davy Crockett. Some of them are almost complete fiction, such as Steele's *Davy Crockett's Earthquake*, and some are primarily factual, such as Rourke's *Davy*

Crockett. Blair and Shapiro, besides doing collections of stories about various American heroes, have also each written a book about Davy.

Johnny Appleseed has had somewhat the same treatment as Davy Crockett. He is generally included in collections of tales about American heroes and has been the subject of several factually-oriented biographies, including one by Newbery Award winner Irene Hunt, *Trail of Apple Blossoms.*

In recent years we have seen the publication of rather simplified or shortened versions of some of the hero tales, thus making them more easily accessible to children in second and third grades.

Looking at these tales as a whole, one is struck by the humor of the situations. These American heroes certainly have the ability to solve unmanageable problems; to tame nature, whether it be animate or inanimate; to outface the bigness of this continent with their huge physical sizes. And while some of them are rather violent in their actions, there is always the possibility that a laugh is just around the corner or that this next adventure will put the hero into a situation where his friends will seem to have gotten the best of him, just this once.

In spite of this humor, an element that children usually love in stories, these hero tales are not among the most popular books when children choose for themselves from a library collection. Are the tales too difficult? I haven't tested the texts for reading levels, but I would judge not. Are the books unattractive? Not usually. Publishers have given these hero tales a good, open format, in most cases, and suitable, if not always outstanding, illustrations.

Are these books hidden from children, either by chance location of the Dewey decimal classification or because teachers and librarians don't know about them and don't introduce them to children? I doubt these are the reasons.

The truth of the matter is that folktales of all kinds, tales of American heroes included, beg to be told aloud. The storyteller works a transmutation on a tale that makes it come alive, that makes the exaggeration in these tall tales seem natural and just a little larger than life. In cold print, one exploit follows so quickly on the heels of another that the spirit of the whole adventure gets lost. We don't have time to become caught up in the fantasy.

Do our children and teenagers need these incredible hero tales? Behind all the exaggeration there is a grain of truth. The loggers did work in the forests clearing many acres of land. The cowboys did live a lonely, chore-filled life and did tame many wild horses. The sailors did catch whales and ride through tremendous storms. Men did tunnel through mountains and create steel. They did succeed in taming a wilderness and making it a homeland for millions of Americans. There were problems and challenges, indeed; but these were faced and met.

Certainly today we have problems which at our low points may seem insurmountable to us. We need this never-say-die, go-ahead spirit, which it seems to the writer, the American heroes exemplify. Once again, in the words of Botkin (*2*): "In the progression from the comic demigods and roughnecks of the Paul Bunyan-Davy Crockett-Mike Fink breed to the heroes of endurance and duty—Johnny Appleseed, John Henry, Casey Jones, and Joe Magarac—one notes a heightened sense of social responsibility and mission."

We need our heroes now more than ever. Let's make sure our children know about them.

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FOLKTALES OF EUROPE

Russian Folklore and the Skazka

Miriam Morton
Anthologist: A Harvest of Russian Children's Literature

FIRST OF ALL, I must disclaim being in any sense an authority on Russian folklore. Whatever I know about this enticing aspect of Russian culture, I have acquired through a lifetime appreciation of Russian letters, a professional interest in and exploration of Russian children's literature, my Russian childhood which was inevitably enriched by folktales and folk poetry, and two research trips to the Soviet Union. I was fortunate to be born to the Russian language and to have retained it in spite of having come to America at the age of twelve. Knowing Russian has enabled me to use a number of authoritative sources, regrettably not yet available in English translation.

It seems that the Russians were susceptible to self-criticism even before the practice was so urged upon them by their Soviet leaders. For we find in the packed storehouse of Russian *skazki* (folktales) one that even mocks the popular addiction to the genre. "The Wife Who Liked Fairy Tales" is the title of this tale:

> A man once married a wife who had such a passion for *skazki* that she stubbornly refused to admit into the house any guest who was unable to tell them. The man himself soon exhausted his own meagre store, and now had to sit and listen to all the old *babushki* (old women) in the village as they gathered around his wife, drinking his tea and eating his *pirozhki* (his pastries), and telling her all manner of nonsense about this prince and that dragon for days on end. As you can well imagine,

> the poor fellow was soon at his wit's end. No friend of his could ever set foot in the house. For as soon as his wife knew that he was not much of a one at telling stories, she would plant herself in the doorway and refuse to let him in.
>
> Well, one winter's evening when the snow lay thick on the ground and icicles hung from the frosted window-panes, an old man, shivering from the cold, knocked at the door of their hut and begged shelter for the night.
>
> "How well do you tell fairy tales, old man?" asked the husband with a worried look. "I myself would gladly give you shelter for the night, but the truth is, my wife will let no one into the house who cannot tell her some tale or other."
>
> The old man was so miserable with the cold that he promised to tell the wife enough fairy tales to last her the whole night, if only they would let him stay. And they did.
>
> After a hot meal, the three climbed up on the stove shelf and the old man began his tale.

To make this longish story short, the old man used cunning to frustrate the insatiable fairy tale loving woman and to ingratiate himself with the husband. Having finally gained an advantage over her, the husband punished his wife and extracted a promise that she would never again demand to hear a *skazka.*

The implications of this tale notwithstanding, the Russian people have loved and taken pride in their folktale. In fact, they even gave themselves a proverb in its praise: "*Krasna pesnia ladom, a skazka skladom*" (the song is beautiful for its harmony, the folktale for its sense), to which they added the saying, "*Sklad luchshe pesni*" (the sense is better than the song). The simple folk expressed their appreciation for the *skazka* by creating it, by being an avid audience, and by supplying from their midst gifted *skazochniki* (storytellers). The educated Russians saw in the folktale exceptional artistic and enlightening elements.

7

The oral forms of Russian folklore are of great diversity, and they have had an uncommonly long history. In Russia, as everywhere else, the oral tale was the most universal of all narrative forms. But because of a long lingering of paganism and of the persistence of mass illiteracy in so vast and populous a country, into the twentieth century, the oral tradition continued for a longer period to be a ubiquitous literary expression and to proliferate for many more generations than elsewhere. It was not until about 1925 that the majority of Russian children knew how to read and not until later did the majority of adults. By then the numberless folktales, wise sayings, proverbs, and rhymed riddles and the wealth of heroic poems and ballads had become deeply rooted in Russian life. Storytelling continues to this very day, despite universal literacy. The tradition now continues in the form of oral folk literature created and gathered in the Soviet era. It has flourished especially in the farflung and less modernized Soviet areas. It is as varied as Soviet life and strife, and Soviet heroism in war and in the cosmos, just as the older folklore was in its own day a reflection of life in Old Russia. The old and the new folklore coexist happily. But woe to the character who has gained position and wealth through the sweat and tears of others; his kind, as the denouement of the Soviet *skazka* puts it, "lived and prospered only until the Soviets came to power."

Scholars are in accord that written literature had its beginnings in Russia in the tenth century, soon after the introduction of Christianity. Slavic oral literature has existed since prehistoric times. And it has continued to be, in the words of Post Wheeler, the English folklorist, ". . . as much a part of the life of the people as the language itself. Their adventures are linked to a hundred phrases in common parlance, their heroes peer from every page of Slavonic literature. . . ."

The outside influences on Russian folklore were so strong, protracted, and varied that it is a marvel—as wondrous as any found in the *skazki* themselves—that so much uniqueness was retained. In the distant past, with elements taken from Scythian and Greek sources, Byzantine folklore touched the primitive peoples of "The Steppes" in the south. In the southeast and east, the Slavs lived in constant and close proximity to the people of the Caucasus and Asiatic tribes; from them they learned many tales which had come from the Middle East, China, India, and Persia. In the west there was, of course, the European influence, which came mainly from the neighboring countries of Poland, Galicia, and Lithuania. In the north the Scandinavians and the Germans had left their tales, especially in the regions of the Baltic. Despite this folkloric "encirclement," the Slavs created an oral literature one-third of which is nonderivative—at least this third is not known to resemble Western folklore. Taking into account the vast number of *skazki* recorded and still unrecorded, the one-third so far unidentified with other tales represents quite an impressive, and not yet final, count.

The main factors that gave the *skazki* their lasting indigenous character were their frequent association with everyday Russian life; the special inequities in Russian society, such as the many centuries of peasant serfdom to which they gave implicit or explicit expression; and the uncommonly lyrical love of nature and the affection for animals which the Slavs revealed in their folklore. Their epics of heroism, glorifying patriotic warriors who for centuries fought the Mongol invaders, gave rise to the special folkloric genre of the *byliny*.

The peasant's resentment and envy of the cruel lord and other figures of power and his dislike of the callous priesthood brought these themes repeatedly into the *skazki* and created almost a separate genre—the satirical folktale. The *skazki* reflected the people's aspirations and expectations of a better life, greater social justice, and improved rank in the social ladder. There are numerous tales in which a simple peasant's son, usually named Ivanushka, becomes a czar through courage and with a little bit of luck. There are also so many folktales about the miserable lot of the common soldier, who was drafted for a twenty-five-year stretch of hard military service and then discharged with no benefits, that they, too, are a type in themselves. "Death and the Soldier" reads almost like a case history, so clear is the social theme until Death and demons enter the narrative, after which sheer fantasy takes over; and the tale proves in its own way the indestructibility of the Russian soldier. The tale begins:

> A long time ago in Russia, there once lived a soldier who served the Tsar faithfully for the space of twenty-five years, fighting his battles on many fronts and receiving, alas! far more grievous wounds than golden coins, and at the end of his twenty-fifth year in the army, when he had grown old and was no good to fight any more, he was summoned by his captain.
>
> "Soldier," said the officer, "you have served the Tsar faithfully for many years and have always performed your service well. But now that you are old, the army can no longer afford to keep you. You are, therefore, released from military service and may now go home. Private Ivan, dismiss!"
>
> The soldier saluted, turned about, slung his knapsack over his shoulder, and marched away smartly. But though his step was as brisk as ever, his heart was heavy with sadness.
>
> "For twenty-five long years I have served the Tsar," he thought, "and now that I am no longer considered to be of any use to him, I am sent away with only three dry biscuits to stand between me and starvation. What can a poor, old soldier do, and where shall he lay his head?"

Many an old penniless soldier became a beggar. Others became *storytellers*, adding to the store of soldiers' tales. Yet, lest I give the impression that folklore was valued only by the simple folk, let me say that it was universally appreciated and, by preference, presented orally even to the educated, the rich, and the aristocratic. In his commentary in *Russian Fairy Tales* (*6*), the noted folklorist Roman Jacobson says:

> The Old Russian laity . . . possessed a copious, original, manifold, and highly artistic fiction, but the only medium for its diffusion was oral transmission. The idea of using letters for secular poetry was thoroughly alien to the Russian tradition . . . .
>
> In general, the laymen from the czars' court and from the *boyars* [noblemen] down to the lowest ranks, continued to seek amusement and

> satisfaction of their artistic cravings, above all, in the oral tradition and in oral creations. Therefore, it would be erroneous to interpret this tradition and creativeness as a specific property of the lower classes.
>
> . . . Over a long period, folklore did not vanish from the household of the gentlefolk but continued to occupy its nook there . . . . Even at the close of the eighteenth century we find advertisements in the Russian newspapers of blind men seeking work in the homes of the gentry as tellers of tales. Leo Tolstoy, as a child, fell asleep to the tales of an old serf who had once been bought by the count's grandfather because of his knowledge and masterful rendition of fairy tales.

As a consequence of its closeness to the social scene, however, Russian folk literature has been touched by the nation's sociopolitical fortunes and misfortunes and by the whims of her malevolent and benevolent despots. Having been the creation, recreation, and diversion of the simple folk, the tales often ridiculed and told of the undoing of hated symbols of oppression. The censors spied on the village and marketplace storytellers. When folktales began to be published, censors often changed them beyond recognition with the result that the tales lost all their artistic quality and meaning. During the thirty-year rule of the despotic Czar Nicholas I (1825-1855), the folktale went into an eclipse. The fate of Peter Ershov's famous version of *The Little Humpbacked Horse*, a gay and satirical fairy tale in verse based on an old folktale, illustrates the official attitude of the time. The tale was suppressed for thirty years (from 1835-1865) because it was uncomplimentary to the character of the czar in the story and satirized the landed aristocracy and civil servant. Later, after the thirty years, from time to time the poem was printed for simple folk and peddled at fairs like cloth, religious images, or pastry. After another thirty years (in 1895) this work finally became part of Russian literature. The tale has since been published in at least fifty editions, thirty of them between 1895 and 1900. It is now staged with music in professional children's theaters and has become a ballet in the Bol'shoi repertory. The prima ballerina, Maya Plizetskaya, has danced the role of the Czar-Maid.

Folk literature was saved from oblivion by a cultural ferment in the 1850s and 1860s, brought on by the crusade to emancipate the peasant-serf and enlighten him. His oral literature was seen by the Russian intelligentsia—committed to the improvement of the peasant's lot—as a vital medium of the peasant's self-expression and selfhood. The intellectuals also saw in it a fount for spiritual refreshment. Vassarion Belinsky, influential literary critic and cultural leader, led the movement to restore folk literature to its merited place and to have it serve importantly in the education of children. He opposed the conservatism of educators who regarded the folktale as a retarding influence in the mental development of the child, as a source of terror and trauma to him, as well as a coarse literary medium. It was during this period (1855-1864) that the ethnographer, Alexander Afanas'ev, spent nine years gathering his noted scholarly collection of some 600 Russian tales. His volume of *Russian Children's Tales* was published in 1870. (It is interesting to note that partly because of the official interference and harassment in Russia, the very first collection of *skazki* had been published much earlier, not in Russia but in England, and had been gathered not by a Russian but by an Englishman.)

Afanas'ev's pioneering work stimulated folkloristic scholarship. There followed a number of searching studies by specialists and a learned interest on the part of leading literary figures. It attracted to this field of research a Russian pair of brothers—the Sokolovs—who gathered a sizable number of tales of the Belozersky region, published in 1915. To this day, the folktale and other forms of the oral tradition are being assiduously gathered and studied. Geographic expeditions in the Soviet Union often have a folklorist in the group. School teachers help in the gathering of oral counting rhymes, game rhymes, and taunts and riddles spontaneously thought up by modern Russian children. Here are a few on phenomena of the technological age:

> *veesit grusha / nel'zia skushat'*—it's a hanging pear, but you can't eat it (the electric bulb).
>
> *bez iazyka zhiviot / ne est, ne piot / a govorit i poiot*—it lives without a tongue, doesn't eat or drink, but talks and sings (the radio).
>
> *shumit a ne veter / letaet, a ne ptitsa*—it makes that kind of noise, but is not the wind; it flies, but is not a bird (the airplane).

There are some hundred nations and ethnic groups and nearly as many different languages in the Soviet Union, and there is still much to be done in the collecting, systematizing, and publishing of their great diversity of oral literature.

After the end of the rule of Nicholas I and as a result of the influence of Belinsky and his disciples, the *skazki* had gradually come into their own, supplying most of what was good in children's reading. Several decades later, however, at the end of the first few years of Soviet rule, when rigidity began to affect socialist education and a crude form of socialist realism, even more crudely interpreted, became the dominant literary doctrine, the folktale again fell into disfavor—for different reasons. It was now considered harmful to the psyche of the Soviet child and adult, for its fantasy and extravaganza were seen as escapist and as incongruous with the need for a strictly practical, levelheaded view of reality at a time when the whole country was straining to transform itself into a modern industrial state and to catch up with the West in scientific expertness. Some Soviet educators also took a dim view of the likable princes and princesses in some of the *skazki*. Some felt that the folktales scared the children. Again the *skazki* were virtually banished although Lenin had said that there was reality in every Russian folktale.

But the *skazki* always had their defenders. In the threatening atmosphere of Stalinist repression, there were those with courage enough to fight for the survival of Russian folk literature, such as the children's poet Kornei Chukovsky who for years fought the dogmatists on this issue and won. He tells of his crusade in *From Two to Five* (*2*) which the writer had the pleasure, strain, and honor to translate. Thanks to him and his followers, and to the beneficent changes brought by time, the *skazki* now enjoy full acceptance and great prestige in the cultural scheme of things in the USSR. Some selectivity, largely justifiable, is used.

When Soviet cultural leaders began to resolve the incongruity between their nation's imaginative folklore and the psychological demands for pragmatism in socialism, they did so on the basis of folkloric erudition. Folklorists discovered many links between the national ethos and the oral tradition. For them the *skazki* shone not only with the classical folkloric qualities of simplicity, lucidity, laconic strength, and imagination-stirring fantasy but also with a great poetry of language and spirit, an expression of the creativity of a vital people, an inventiveness and optimism which gave hope and dignity to an appallingly oppressed but resilient peasantry. The folklorists found that regardless of the many foreign influences upon it, the Russian oral tradition had an exceptional stability and resistance to losing its indigenous character.

But what else than their poetic quality, reflection of Russian life, and stability constitutes the Russian-ness of the *skazki?* It is not easy to be entirely specific—their Russian-ness is a conglomeration of many elements: the assortment of themes, the symbols of social classes, the unfamiliar supernatural creatures, the great abundance of animal life, the unusual narrative structure, the colorful and rhythmic vernacular and the extensive use of dialogue, the lyrical embellishments in description of emotions, the variety of indigenous motifs, the sweeping landscapes, the infrequency of violence and the casualness of telling about it, the idealization of humanness, the uncommon devices for magic, and the visual elements which lend themselves to magnificent illustrations.

Together these elements furnish an uncommonly readable and enjoyable folk literature as well as a gold mine for storytellers. All readers are easily fascinated with the happenings across Three-Times-Nine realms and beyond Thrice-Ten Tsardoms. Readers respond to the sweep of fantasy; are diverted by the antics of unfamiliar witches, dragons, and demons; and are amused by the traditional storyteller's gimmicks, verbal ornamentations, or wise and witty interjections.

The heroes of the *skazki* are, as in all folktales, the incarnation of the popular ideal. They are fearless, noble, and invariably victorious over evil.

But in the Russian variety they are shown to be more human than elsewhere—at times they shed tears of discouragement and despair or err in true human fashion, yielding to temptation and not using their wits; then a gallant animal friend, such as Chestnut-Grey, Grey Wolf, or the Pike, consoles them and saves them from ruin by means of wisdom and magic. The role given to womanhood in the *skazki* is also rather different. The young heroes are often helped in their struggle against dark forces by the faithful hearts and magical powers of maidens such as Vasilisa the Wise or Yelena the Fair. The touching heroine of the tale "Fenist the Bright Falcon" is the very soul of goodness, devotion, and tireless effort in her long search for her beloved.

Perhaps those who have read Russian *skazki* only in English have not found all of the verbal embellishments and the poetic quality cited. Much is lost in careless translation and by omission. The result is the skeleton of a tale, not its full-bodied representation. It is hard enough to reproduce the rhythmic, colorful, linguistically virtuosic Russian folk idiom; when the special narrative devices are also absent, the reader is left with very little, indeed.

Educational uses are made of the *skazki* and other forms of folklore in speech training, language study, reading and literature programs, aesthetic appreciation of the oral and written word, and character building. Except for brief interruptions, gifted people have provided folk literature to the Russian child for the past century and a half. Nearly every leading Russian and Soviet educator, literary master, or literary authority of this long period has regarded folk literature as an essential medium for the rearing of children. A few of them are quoted below.

Vassarion Belinsky, nineteenth century critic: "Folk poetry is the mirror in which is reflected the life of the people."

Leo Tolstoy, novelist, teacher, and children's author: "Folk songs, tales, epics will be read as long as there is a Russian language."

Alexander Pushkin, Russian national poet: "What splendor, what sense, what wisdom in every one of our proverbs. What gold are our *skazki*."

Nikolai Gogol, author: "I cannot exaggerate the importance of the folk song. It is the nation's history, vital, vivid, shining with truth, revealing the whole life of the people."

Maxim Gorki, literary leader: "Our deathless folk poetry was the ancestor of written literature, and the mother of children's literature."

These celebrated literary figures and many others have defended, adapted, and anthologized folk literature, or written with artistic conscience in the idiom of their folklore. (Some of these gifted people also provided excellent translations of foreign folktales and nursery rhymes.) Furthermore, folklore having again become so favored a genre, the movement has spread to include collections, adaptations, and translations from the oral tradition of the many exotic nationalities and ethnic groups that comprise the multinational population of the USSR.

The artistic level and authenticity of adaptation are usually carefully maintained. As an example, I quote from a short preface written by the adapter of a volume of 50 short *skazki* for primary children, Alexei Tolstoy, a former count and a prominent Soviet author for adults and for children of all ages. He has written works for the children's theater based on folklore. In his preface, Tolstoy describes how he went about retelling tales:

> In compiling a collected volume of tales . . . it was always necessary to select the most interesting out of many different versions. But the matter was not a simple one of choosing, for invariably there is something valuable in every one of the versions which it would be a pity to leave out. The compilers of such collections have usually adapted the tales, retelling them, not in folk speech with all its characteristics, but in a literary manner, that is, in the conventional bookish language, which has nothing in common with the language of the people. The tales, retold in such a way, lost all significance. Of a splendid work of art, created by the people, only the theme remained. The most essential—the folk language, the wit, the crispness and originality, the manner of relation by the spoken word—in short, the folk style, vanished utterly, just as the delightful and fragile design of a butterfly's wings vanishes under the clumsy touch of human fingers.
>
> My object was a different one: namely, in compiling my collection, to preserve all the crispness and spontaneity of the folktales. This is how I set about it: From the numerous versions of each tale, I have selected the most interesting and characteristic. At the same time I have enriched it by adding picturesque turns of phrase and fresh details from other versions. Of course, in thus collecting a tale from various versions, or "restoring" it, I have had to add something of my own, here and there, to alter and fill gaps. But I have done all this in the same style, and I am convinced that I am offering the reader an original folktale, a folk creation in all the richness of its language and with the special characteristics of its original narration.

Two of Alexei Tolstoy's folktale adaptations appear in *A Harvest of Russian Children's Literature* (7). You may want to see for yourself the result (in translation) of his method.

Folktale collectors and adapters are held in high regard. For instance, Pavel Bazhov, who gathered a bookfull of *skazki* of the Ural Mountains region and retold them for young readers in *The Malachite Casket*, received the highest literary prize in the land for this work.

Children are taught the names and salient facts about the lives of outstanding retellers of tales and the legendary *skazochniks*, a number of whom have had monographs written about them. A little volume of 60 short tales for primary children (selected by folklorist Afanas'ev in 1870) was published in 1961. Erna Pomerantseva, a modern folklorist, has written the four page prefare to the volume in which she gives a brief account of the sources of the 60 *skazki,* and names of the important writers and critics who had admired them. She acquaints the children with Afanas'ev's contribution, compares his achievement with that of the Brothers Grimm and Charles Perrault, and ends with the following supposition:

> When you have read this book, you will probably thank from the heart the great Russian scholar, Alexander Nikolaevich Afanas'ev, for having a hundred years ago achieved such a scholarly feat: publishing such a huge collection of *skazki* which justifiably may be called a treasury of folk wisdom and folk poetry.

Every Soviet literature textbook for grades two to seven has a section devoted to folktales, epic poems, ballads, amusing rhymes, riddles, taunts, and wise sayings. This section is prefaced with information and discussion of folk literature in general and Slavic folklore in particular. The average length of the portion of the textbook on folk literature is 30 pages. Even the first grade primer has a dozen folk riddles and a few short tales.

In the Soviet kindergarten the folk rhyme, poem, riddle, and tale are put to various uses—in training speech, teaching reading divertingly, and introducing images of folklore. Here we especially find the enticingly presented world of animals and the beguilements of nature. The charming and gay rhyming, the gentleness of the Russian diminutive, the wit, and spontaneity delight the child and attract him to good and colorful use of his language.

In a manual for kindergarten teachers on the training of proper speech, there are 40 pages of *skazki,* short verses, riddles, counting rhymes, and taunts selected for ten different sets of pronunciation and speech exercises for the more difficult Russian consonants and clusters of them, such as the sibilants *sh, sch, ch, zh, ts.* As an example, a little rhyme about a beetle (*zhuk*) affords the children a chance to improve their pronunciation of the sound *zh:*

Ia zhuk, ia zhuk!	I'm a beetle, a beetle!
Ia tut zhivu,	I buzz and buzz,
Zhuzhu, zhuzhu,	I look around,
Gliazhu, lezhu.	I lie, I fly,
Ia ne tuzhu,	I do not fuss,
Vsiu zhizn' zhuzhu:	All day long I
Zhu-zhu-zhu . . .	Buzz-buzz-buzz . . .

The rhythmic, rhymed, and amusing lines of the folk verses and the simple, lucid, rhythmic prose of the tales are easy for children to memorize. Good speech is developed by means of verse recitation and retelling of the tales by the children, collectively and individually. They are trained to narrate clearly, cogently, and with details. (The folk toy is also used widely in the kindergarten in dramatic play and in acting out folktales.)

The folk material in the 40 pages of the kindergarten manual for proper speech training is in addition to the prescribed "artistic folk literature" for preschoolers. In the literature syallabus, divided into five parts, one for each of five preschool age-groups (preschool begins in infancy and continues to the age of seven), were many more selections from folklore included with those from modern writings for young children. These rhymes and tales are read to them, and in the last kindergarten year the children themselves learn to read them.

Soviet children are an articulate tribe. Their voices and speech are a pleasure to hear, and they have very good poise when speaking in the classroom, on the stage of the school auditorium, or to visitors. Their early and continuing contact with their fine folklore contributes to the ease with which they learn to read, the pleasure they find in books, and their good mastery of their beautiful language. It also nurtures in them a love of their heritage, of nature, of good triumphing over evil, and an affection for animals; the rhythm and song quality of so much of their folklore also prepares them to be receptive to written poetry.

The wide use of the folktales in children's theater, in ballet, and as themes for musical compositions, as well as in painting and sculpture, further enlarges their influence on the linguistic and aesthetic education of the young.

I do wish I were an enchantress able to cast a spell that would take you back to your childhood, give you knowledge of the Russian tongue, and thus offer you the many joys, in full, of the *skazki*.

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The Scandinavian Folktale

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FOLKTALES are part of our literary heritage. Collectors, folklore scientists, translators, and adaptors have worked to preserve the oral tradition through recordings both in sound and in print. The mark of a good folktale is its authenticity and accuracy, as contrasted with the originality demanded in the literary tale. Folk literature specialists and experts not only contribute to an important body of literature but through the process of collection and translation also provide sources of information for comparative studies and for analyses of motifs, character types, and historical developments. The folklore scientist, enthusiast, collector, adaptor, or translator makes the literature available for appreciation or study. The following discussion of Scandinavian folk literature examines the subject not from the point of view of the expert or specialist but from the perspective of the receptive individual, be he listener or reader or both. The Norwegian folktale is the main focus for this paper even though the title is "The Scandinavian Folktale." The term "Scandinavian folktale" is elusive, almost ambiguous. Persons loyal to origins of tales will insist upon specific designation of Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish.

References to folktales from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are inconsistent in their uses of terms both for origins and for types. When "fairy," "myth," and "legend" are interchanged with "folktale" and when "Norse" is used for a group of stories, the confusion and ambiguity are increased. One anthology of children's literature (*19*) refers to Scandinavian tales as parallel to French, German, and English tales; it groups Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish lore all under the heading "Scandinavian." Thompson (*26*), the well-known contributor to knowledge about folklore, lists the countries separately in all of his enumerations and classifications. The groups he uses are Danish, Swedish, Finnish-Swedish, Norwegian, and Icelandic. A college text for children's literature (*1*) refers to "Norwegian popular tales" while *The Fairy Mythology* (*21*) deals with make-believe characters in "Norwegian folktales."

A certain amount or kind of delineation could be achieved by applying the nationality terms and groupings according to specific periods of history and political divisions thereof. Even that system is vulnerable. In early translations from Asbjornsen, titles are different e.g., *Fairy Tales from the Far North* (*3*), *Popular Tales from the Norse* (*4*), and *Tales from the Fjeld* (*5*); obviously, even the titles demonstrate variety in use of terms. Introductions to books of folktales often attempt to develop meanings for the terms and limits for the collections. Even then there is great variation.

Grouping the tales from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark under the heading "Scandinavian" is, of course, based on geography, religion, politics, and language. The tales from a general geographic area are similar, and the similarities extend beyond the three countries into Germany, Ireland, Lapland, and Finland, as well as into other parts of northern Europe.

Distinguishable and identifiable tales, nevertheless, should be attributed to Denmark, Sweden, or Norway.

The strongest reason, of course, for the focus in this paper to be on the Norwegian tales is a personal interest. Trolls were respected acquaintances of this writer long before her struggle with stories in a primer. Trolls did stay outdoors, but even on cold and snowy days they could be imagined and seen through the window. Snowdrifts made marvelous trolls. In warmer weather, trolls could be imagined enjoying the rocks, the tree trunks, or any number of places in the vast, beautiful, quiet spaces out-of-doors. The words and the sound of the Norwegian language were also familiar to the writer.

Reference will be made to Swedish and Danish collections and collectors. Similarities in tales will be observed. But consider the title as being revised to read "The Norse Folktale." In that streak of obstinacy a comparison might be risked with the obstinate and contrary wife who always and forever took the opposite side of any issue she and her husband considered:

> Whatever he said, she said the opposite. One Sunday they went out into the countryside to examine their crops. It was about the time the grain should be harvested. He looked at their crop and decided it should be mowed. His wife was equally certain the crop should be clipped. She said, "Clip it," and he said, "Mow it." And on and on they went, all the way back to their house in the valley.

On their journey they came to a stream. The wife was saying, "Clip it" and forgot to look where she was walking. Into the stream she fell, with her hand in the air motioning "Clip it."

The man, thinking he would show her, pushed her head under the water and asked, "Now do you think you will mow it or clip it?"

When he let her up to answer, you know she had not changed her mind. "Clip it." The second time he held her head down he was sure she would change. But she said, when her head came above the water, that she wanted to clip the grain. One more time, he thought, and then he felt the weight go from under his hand.

He started on his way home and in his walking and thinking decided that the only decent thing to do was to find her body and give her a decent burial. He asked his neighbors to look for her body, and they looked all the way down the stream from the place where he said he had lost her. When his neighbors came to say they had looked and could not find her, he asked them where they had looked. When he heard their answer, he said they had looked in the wrong place; they must look up the stream above the falls. They looked up the stream and found her above the falls—for, she was the woman against the stream (7).

COLLECTIONS

The folktales in this literature result from individual collectors, such as Hylten-Cavallius in Sweden, Gruntvig and Kristensen in Denmark, and Asbjornsen and Moe in Norway. They considered the elderly or middle-aged person the best sources of the tales. Geographic areas were recognized as having different and special contributions. There is no detailed, complete record of method of collecting in any of the three countries. There is, however, evidence in records of all three that the problem of the language to be used in written versions was a puzzling difficulty.

Principal collections of Scandinavian folktales

Norway

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Denmark

Hans Christian Anderson. *Eventyr Fortalte For Born*, 1st ed. Kjobenhavn 1835.

Svend Grundtvig. *Danske Folkeeventyr, Efter Utrykte Kilder*. 3 vols. Kjobenhavn, 1876, 1878, 1884.

E. T. Kristensen. *Eventyr Fra Jylland*. 4 vols. Kobenhavn, 1881-97.

Sweden

A. Bondeson. *Svenska Folksagor*. Stockholm, 1882.

N. G. Djurklow. *Sagor Och Afventyr Berattode Pa Svenska Landsmal*. Stockholm, 1883.

G. O. Hylten-Cavallius and C. Stephens. *Svenska Folksagor Och Afventyr*. Stockholm, 1844-1849.

The Norwegian tales can be credited to the well-known collectors, Asbjornsen and Moe. Before these men began their work—and possibly serving as a kind of prod to Asbjornsen at least—the work of a minister, Andreas Faye, was published. His *Norske Sagn* (Norwegian Legends) came out in 1833, with a revision and new title *Norske Folke Sagan* (Norwegian Folk Legends) in 1844. Faye criticized the superstitions of the country people and tried to teach both style and subject matter in his stories. It was about these attempts to improve upon and change the original stories that Asbjornsen expressed concern and seemed to be encouraged to develop his own theories of collecting folktales.

Asbjornsen became interested in the stories of the people as he traveled about the countryside pursuing his work as a naturalist. He started his hobby of folklore before Faye's attempts were published. Asbjornsen disagreed with the didactic approach that Faye employed and, mainly through his own collections, which proved to be well accepted, seemed to challenge the earlier collector.

Asbjornsen also listened to stories told by workmen in his father's shop in Christiania. When he was twelve, he was sent to school in the country north of Christiania. It was in school in Norderhov in 1826 that Asbjornsen met a fellow student, Jorgen Moe, who had a similar interest in folk literature and poetry. Both Asbjornsen and Moe were influenced by work of Grimm and carried on correspondence with the German folklore scientist.

Asbjornsen and Moe's first volume of folktales was published in 1845. The popularity of the second edition in 1852 encouraged collection of even more tales, especially those from Gudbrandsdal and Telemark. When Moe's work as a clergyman limited his time for collecting, his son Moltke began working with Asbjornsen. Moltke Moe became a distinguished folklorist, publishing both his own collections and those with Asbjornsen.

Grimm, in his volume *Teutonic Mythology* (*16*), made observations about the Norse tales which were available to him mainly through the work of Asbjornsen and Moe. Grimm analyzed the use of animals, trees, giants, elves, and dwarfs as he saw them in the Norse tales. He concluded that the giants, though rough, were not cannibals. The story of "Butterball," popular in collections today, is either a contradiction or an exception to Grimm's conclusion because, in that story, the troll soup is unmistakably made from the foolish troll child who was trying to make soup out of Butterball. Possibly it is not cannibalism if trolls eat trolls. Grimm attributed the frequent appearance of horses in the folktales to the fact that in the old Norse mythology almost every god had his own special horse with special powers including the power of speaking sensibly.

TRANSLATORS AND ADAPTORS

Dasent is probably the best-known English translator of the Norse tales. In his prefaces, Dasent expresses his intentions: "The translator has trodden in the path laid down in the first series and tried to turn his Norse original into Mother English which anyone that runs may read" (*13*). Dasent quoted praise from Asbjornsen and Moe for his own translations of their work. He referred to the difficulties he faced in rendering proverbs in translation. He reported that he adapted English equivalents rather than using literal rendering from Norse—for example, "Askpot" is "Boots" and not "Cinderbob." In the story of the haunted mill, "force" is used for "spring" or "stream" and "brownie" is used for "nisse." In his story of the trolls in Hedale Wood, Dasent uses "shielings" for "pastures." In the Dasent translations there is extensive use of English vocabulary of the late 19th century. In the first stories he translated, Dasent wrote as if an Englishman were going out into the fields of Norway and hearing the tales. He grew tired of that "frame" and, according to his introductory remarks, discontinued its use in his later translations.

Braekstad was also an early translator of Norse tales. In 1881 an English edition *Round the Yule Log* (*8*) carried translations from two Norwegian books, HULDRE EVENTYR and NORSKE FOLK EVENTYR. Asbjornsen's *Fairy Tales from the Far North* was translated from the Norwegian by Braekstad and published in 1897. Two thousand copies were first issued in July 1897, and in October of the same year two thousand more were printed. In the translator's note, reference was made to Asbjornsen as ". . . one of the most fascinating and delightful writers of fairy tales among young and adult readers and students of folklore."

Braekstad wrote in his comments about translating, "With regard to the translation, I have in this, as in my former volume, attempted to retain as far as possible the racy, colloquial flavour of the original." Interesting differences can be noted in his choice of names. He used "Butterkin" instead of the more commonly used "Butterball," "Little Fred" instead of

"Freddie," and the "lad" (with the beer keg) rather than the "boy" (with the beer keg). The latter tale is one which disproves or at least is the exception to the generalization often made that Norse tales do not deal with death.

> The lad, or boy, worked for a man who made the best beer in the country. When he was to leave his master, the lad wanted no pay but to have a keg of the Christmas beer. As he carried the beer, the keg grew heavy and he grew weary. He looked about for someone to drink the beer with him, so the keg would not be so heavy. He saw a man who looked both tired and thirsty and asked who he was and found that he was Providence. No, he would not want Providence to drink with, for Providence handed out things in this world unreasonably!
>
> The keg became so heavy the lad could scarce think of going farther. The man he met next was ugly and rushing fast, yet wanted a drink; but when the boy found out that the man was the devil, the boy wanted no more to do with him!
>
> Then he met a third man who was different from the other two, and so skinny it was hard to tell he was a man. The lad found out he was talking to Death and agreed to drink with him because Death treated rich and poor alike. They drank and talked. And the lad learned that no matter how much they drank from the keg, it would never be empty and that the drink was a magic medicine to make the sick well. The boy was told that if he saw Death at the foot of the bed of a sick person, the magic drink would make the person well but that if Death was at the head of the bed, no medicine could help.
>
> The boy became the most important person in the countryside. He was called to places far and near. When he saw Death at the foot of the bed, the lad would give his magic medicine, and the person lived. One day the king called him to save his daughter who was very ill. When the lad came into the room, he saw Death sitting at the head of the bed dozing and nodding. Quickly the lad turned the bed around and fooled Death. It made Death angry to be cheated, so he vowed he would take the lad with him right then. The lad pleaded that he might say the Lord's Prayer first. And so, for long, happy years he never said so much as the first words of the Lord's Prayer and thought he had cheated Death once and for all. Death finally could wait no longer. He went to the boy's bedroom in the night and hung the Lord's Prayer on the wall. The boy saw it in the morning, started to read, and finished it before he knew what he had said. Then it was too late.

Dasent translations have served as the sources for many later versions and editions of Norse folktales. The d'Aulaires in their book, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* (*15*), state, "These tales have been adapted from the Dasent translation of the collection of Asbjornsen and Moe." In their introduction, the d'Aulaires elaborate by telling that they saw no use in making their own translations because Dasent was nearly perfect with respect to language (*15*:7) but that ". . . his (Dasent) typically Victorian and English conceptions in many passages disturbed us much . . ." and here and there misunderstandings had crept in through too literal rendering, as when the lovely Norwegian maiden "tosses the other suitor out through the window" instead of "throwing him over, jilting him, and taking the right one in his place." The d'Aulaires express great respect for Dasent's translations but consider their recent adaptations to be imbued with the spirit of the tales. The d'Aulaires, however, use "once upon a time" for beginning many of their tales rather than the "once on a time" which not only is a more accurate translation but also seems to fit the rhythm of the Norwegian language best.

Thomsen retells the Norse tales for a book, *East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon and Other Norwegian Tales* (*24*). In her foreword Thomsen writes: "In preparing the stories for publication the aim has been to preserve, as much as possible, in vocabulary and idiom, the original folklore language, and to retain the conversational style of the teller of tales, in order that the sympathetic young reader may, in greater or less degree, be translated into the atmosphere of the old-time story hour." Thomsen chose stories she had told and that had proved through telling to be appealing for children and for those who have "older grown."

Scandinavian Legends and Folk Tales retold by Jones (*20*) presents 24 stories under four categories: Princes and Trolls, Tales from Ingel-Nook, From the Land of Fire and Ice, and Kings and Heroes. The reteller uses more direct quotation than do many of the versions of the Norse tales. The Billy Goats cross a brook, the trolls had ears like jug handles, and the troll bawls at the goats, "It's me, I mean I." Furthermore, in the Jones version the troll threatens to "poke out your eyeballs and carve off your ears" rather than "poke your eyeballs out at your ears."

Within the total wealth of tales collected in Norway, variations exist from one part of the country to another. Many of the stories of Asbjornsen and Moe were collected in the eastern districts, and these tales differ from those collected in the Telemark district, where the tradition of the folktale is considered, by some experts, to have been preserved best. In the western part of Norway, the stories were shorter and more blunt. Another observation, geographically, is that a close similarity exists between southern and western Norse tales and Danish tales, between eastern tales and the Swedish tales, between the far northern stories and the stories of the Lapps, and between stories from the northern and western parts and sea stories of the world.

Collectors and editors have been responsible for deciding about the language used for recording the tales. The Old Norse used in the oral tradition of the country folk was far from the Norse of literary respectability. The official language of Norway, both written and oral, was modeled after Danish. After the Lutheran Reformation, the Bible was printed in Danish only. Danish was used in the classical schools. The language of the people was landsmål, and the classical schools used bokmål. In the 1850s, a time significant in the early collecting of the folktales, a language in which the spoken dialects were written was Nynorsk. Since that time, and in some places even today, the controversy exists about the use of Nynorsk or Bokmål (*12*).

Study of the changes in the language in Norway is a part of the study of the folklore of the country. After Norway became independent from Denmark in 1814, there emerged a strong traditional strain and a continuation of language and culture of times long ago. The period of national revival, after the years of union with Denmark, is credited with the development of folklore, prose, poetry, and art in a tradition more vivid than that of most other countries.

Asbjornsen and Moe strove for a middle ground in the controversy about language. They wanted details of place and personality to be conveyed through the language of the people. They attempted to have their versions correspond to spoken and written Norwegian and are reported to have expected that revisions would be required.

CHARACTERISTICS

A student of the language of the folktale or a researcher interested in other characteristics of the Norwegian folktale will find materials for study in the archives of the Norwegian Folklore Institute at the University of Oslo. It is estimated that they have 4,000 to 4,500 recorded versions of Norse folktales.

Are there distinguishing features of the Norwegian tales beyond their being recorded in Norway? It is difficult, if not impossible, to detect unique features in their general pattern or manner. The similarities with tales from other countries are strong. There are, however, interesting details of purpose, characters, action, and setting which the consumer of folklore will enjoy considering as clues about the origin of the tale.

To listeners and readers of all ages, the characters in the Norse tales are among the most easily recognized elements. Metaphorically, but not really, the trolls are the giants of the Norwegian folk tales. They have less intellect and less sense than men but often are beings possessed with magic power.

To the trolls the Norse attribute the innocence and wisdom of the old world. When in a rage, they hurl rocks, rub stones until they catch fire, and squeeze water out of stones. Trolls are imagined as dwelling in rocks and mountains; their nature is of the mineral kingdom. They are either animated masses of stone or creatures once petrified. In a saga by Dass (*14*), an episode is related in which a traveler, in search of his sisters two, goes out on the fell with his bow and arrow. He shoots the troll daughter; he shoots the troll mother; then all the trolls come out, and in terror they come. He shoots them, fifteen at a time. The sun fills their eyes, and they turn into stone and rocky crags, indeed to stones of flint and some to granite gray. He finds his sisters and tells them they must become Christians—thus we have a story of the beginnings of trolls.

It was a troll who built St. Olaf's church. In the mountains in Norway, certain crags are designated as the trolls Olaf changed into stone because they tried to prevent his preaching Christianity in Romsdal.

The trolls live in mountains and are very rich. They have magnificent houses and can communicate with humans. They practice thievery on women and children as well as on animals. They fear noise as a result of Thor's flinging his hammer at them, so clanging church bells frighten them.

The Danish, the Icelandic, and the Finnish tales have trolls in their stories. There is some difference, however, in their conception of the size of the troll, for in some stories the troll is more like a dwarf than a giant.

The Nis (Nisses, plural) is found in Norway and Denmark. In Sweden the similar character is the Tomte. The Nis dislikes noise. He is the size of a year-old child but has the face of an old man and dresses in grey with a pointed cap of red. His presence is a good luck charm. Every house should have one. In Norway, Nisses are fond of the moonlight; and if you really want to see one, you should go out on a bright moonlit night when it is very very quiet.

In all of the Scandinavian tales, there are elves. The Norwegians call their elves "Huldrafolk." They are the characters who live in the ground, sometimes right under the house. They have kings, queens, and all necessities. Their music, Huldrasloat, played in a minor key, has a mournful, dull sound. Usually mountaineers play it with violins.

The river spirit is Näkki or mermen and mermaids. The men are handsome, and the maids are beautiful. The chief power of Näkki is the ability to tell fortunes, especially those having to do with weather and success in fishing.

All the beings—trolls, nisses, huldrafolk, and river spirits—were defeated in conflict with superior powers. They were condemned to remain until doomsday in their assigned abodes.

Many of the Norwegian tales tell the story of the conflicts, the wonderings, and the mysteries connected with religion. Certain pagan customs influenced the stories. Solutions to problems have been voiced in the tales. Some theories contend that the hill folk were ancestors who, rather than being doomed, were awaiting some better fate while living in the countryside.

The legend of the Seljord church in Telemark is an example of combining the old and the new beliefs:

> St. Olaf had many churches to build. He made an agreement with a troll who was to help him build a church in Seljord. The troll was to have the church ready by a certain time. If, when the church was ready, St. Olaf did not know the troll's name, the troll would have the sun and the moon and St. Olaf's head. The work went fast, but not so fast did King Olaf learn the troll's name. When the church was finished except for the spire and the vane, St. Olaf prayed for help. St. Olaf went out on the mountain. There he heard the troll's wife singing a lullaby to her baby:
>
> Bye, bye baby
> Skaane's coming soon
> Bringing St. Olaf's head
> And the sun and moon,
> As playthings for the baby.
>
> The next day, the troll, triumphant, asked St. Olaf which direction was the church facing now? St. Olaf's answer was East and West, Skaane. The troll was so angry that he fell from the church tower and was killed. The church, without the spire and vane, stands there to this day (*12*:6).

Persons of royalty appear in Norse tales, but they are usually not pompous and are often foolish characters. The daughters of the kings and queens are shown to be without much good sense in selecting their husbands, or at least they are easily fooled in some of the stories.

Magic power is often found in objects. The mill that grinds in the bottom of the sea is the reason for the sea's being salty to this day. Magic tablecloths appear in several stories, producing food in glorious, unending abundance. Magic salves and other medicines are used to cure serious illnesses and to prolong life beyond all expectation. Freddie's fiddle is the magic music which moves all who hear it to dance without stopping.

In some stories, animals have magic and supernatural powers. Other animal stories tell of the origin of the animal or contain some explanation of his peculiar habits. The story of the red-headed woodpecker is told under many titles, but the main idea in all of them is the story of the time when the Lord walked on the earth and asked a woman for a cake. Each time she started to give Him a piece of her dough, she withdrew it because she thought she was giving Him too much. She was changed into a bird, was made to go up through the fireplace, and was expelled from the chimney with a red head, a white breast, and a black body. The punishment for unwillingness to share her bread was to be doomed to seek food between the bark and the wood and to drink only as often as it rained. In Norway, the woodpecker is called Gertrude's fowl.

A cumulative tale is told with animals in "How they got Hairlock Home." Osborn Boots goes out to bring the nanny home and tries to get help from the fox, bear, fir, fire, water, ox, yoke, smith, rope, mouse, and cat.

Cats appear in several stories. The tale "Cat on the Dovrefell," however, really has no cat in it.

> A man and his bear are given a place to stay on Christmas Eve, the time when the people move out of their houses and the trolls move in for their Christmas meal. When the trolls see the big white animal by the fire, they think he is a cat. They hear him growl, and they run out screaming. The next year, on the day of Christmas Eve, the trolls come back and call out to learn if the man still has his cat. When they hear he does indeed have it and it has kittens that are bigger and growl louder, they leave Dovrefell for good and for always (*19*:310).

Tricks and surprise endings are found frequently in Norse tales.

> The Hare, who had been married, came out singing and cheerfully shouting in the woods for all to hear that he had been married. The fox who heard him said that must be nice, to be married. The hare told him it was very bad, for his wife was a real devil but it wasn't as bad as it might have been for, with her, he had gotten a dowry, a fine big house. The fox agreed that was a fine thing to get, and then the hare told him the house had burned. The fox was sad to hear that the house and all else the hare owned went up in flames. It wasn't bad, the hare told him, for she had burnt up with it.

For the person who knows the Norse language there are distinguishable characteristics in the structure and rhythm of the stories, depending on the translation if the story is being communicated in English. In the language of the tales, there is, in some translations, little use of direct quotations. The expression "that was what he said" is used often. From the beginning of a story translated by Dasent, we hear: "At last Peter had got to hear how the king would have a keeper to watch his hares; so he said to his father that he would be off thither; the place would just suit him, for he would serve no lower man than the king; that was what he said" (*13*:1).

In Norse tales there are references to faithfulness in family and to other persons; faithless individuals including mother, sister, and wife; a successful youngest child; cleverness and stupidity; an enchanted husband or a wife; supernatural adversaries, vampires, devils, demons, and death personified. Marriages between a mortal and being of the other world occur in the folktales. If there are trolls in a story, there is likely to be fighting or at least some kind of conflict.

The folktales collected and recorded in Norway share many of their characteristics with the tales of other countries. The language and place of origin are their unique quality.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations were a part of the earliest publication of recorded Norwegian tales. In 1879 an Asbjornsen and Moe collection was illustrated by Erik Werenskiold and other famous artists of the time. Werenskiold visited the country where the tales were set so that he could develop his pictures from first-hand acquaintance with the places and the people. His work pleased Asbjornsen so much that after one edition with several artists' work, Werenskiold alone was chosen to illustrate the tales. Werenskiold asked to have Theodor Kittleson work with him because the style Kittelson used was, in Werenskiold's judgment, well suited to subjects of fantasy. The two artists, accepted and respected as they were, enhanced the tales both with their challenge to the imagination and with their convincing portrayal of the magic and the trolls and other characters in the stories.

Marcia Brown has used color successfully in her pictures of the Three Billy Goats (*9*). The troll is a real troll in the story with the colors blending into the natural setting.

Most modern picture book versions of the Billy Goats are not commendable for respecting the imagination of the reader or the true spirit of the story. Completely real goats, kind and sweet trolls, modern architecture in the bridge, all tend to deflate the story and insult the imagination of the reader or listener.

Pictures may help to tell the story but the folktales are not really picture stories. Most important in the illustrations is the style that enhances the form and feeling of the folktale. The words will tell the story and create vivid pictures for the listener.

REACTIONS OF LISTENERS OR READERS

Children of all ages enjoy listening to a folktale told or read effectively. The entertainment value is great, especially when the story is wisely chosen for the audience. Suspense in most of the stories holds the interest of the listener or reader. Curiosity is aroused in many of the stories, and children are intent upon discovering the solution to the mystery.

Dramatic activities are among the natural responses children will make when they have heard or read a story they can play. The popular "Three

Billy Goats Gruff" has been played by countless children in kindergarten and first grade. The troll competes with the biggest billy goat as the most popular character to play.

Older boys and girls discuss possible origins of the tales. A class of fourth grade boys and girls in a "fringe" area elementary school in Minneapolis enjoyed a series of folktales from all parts of the world. They heard one story read by the teacher about once a week. After each story, discussion and written responses were used to learn the children's ideas about possible reasons why people might have told the stories and what, if anything, about the story might fit life today. The Norse tale they heard was "Butterball." Their responses were spontaneous and enthusiastic. They thought some children hadn't been very smart about talking to strangers. For today's problems they saw many implications: "Don't look in the bag; you might find yourself in it"; "Look who is outside before you open the door"; "The foolish one gets caught in the sack." They seemed to be little concerned about the ending of the story and Butterball's eventual victory.

Not all the Norse tales are appropriate for or enjoyed by children in the primary grades. It is true that the "Three Billy Goats" is the first and "The Pancake" the last story in *One Hundred Favorite Folktales* (*26*). Those two stories are short and direct and tell the story with animal characters. Some more ruthless, violent, more subtle, and more philosophical tales are appropriate only for the mature listener. "The Seventh Father of the House" is one of the subtle and philosophical tales, although it is very short.

> A traveler who had gone a long way on his journey stopped before a house and asked the man in the yard if he might have lodging for the night. He was told to ask his father, the man in the kitchen. The man in the kitchen told him to ask his father who was sitting by a table in the parlor. In the parlor the father told him to ask his father who was sitting on the settle. The father on the settle sent him to his father who was lying in the bed. The father lying in the bed said he was not the father of the house but to talk to his father who was lying in the cradle. When he asked the shriveled, little, old man in the cradle, he could hardly hear the answer but finally heard him say to ask his father who was hanging in the horn on the wall. The traveler cried aloud to the form he saw in the horn, asking to be put up for the night. A squeaking sound said, "Yes, my child." Then, in came a table with food and ale and spirits; and after he had eaten, in came a bed covered with reindeer hides. The man was very glad that he had found the true father of the house.

The influence of the Norse tales can be seen in modern literary fantasy. A picture-story book by Calhoun (*10*) tells about the last two elves in

Denmark. Lewis recognizes the influences of Norse mythology in his writing, especially in the Narnia stories. Readers can make comparisons between Tolkien's fairy tales and the "real beings" of Norse folklore. The Scandinavian folktales, including the Norse tales, provide a rich source of stories to entertain the listener and the reader. Beyond entertainment, there may be wisdom and genuine joy of inspiration and discovery.

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Finnish Folklore and the Finnish Folktale

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MY PARENTS were Finnish immigrants to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in the first quarter of this century. They taught me the rudiments of reading from a Finnish *aapinen* (ABC book) before I entered kindergarten. Mother had an extraordinary memory, and sometimes, while ironing or doing other household chores or when she sat knitting in the evenings, she would be prompted to recite long passages of folk poetry. It wasn't until I was a Fulbrighter in Finland that I realized that many of these selections came from Lönnrot's *Kanteletar*. I vividly recall her telling of *Elinan Surma* (Elina's Death), which one of my Finnish friends, versed in the old literature of Finland, told me was one of the most powerful of Finnish ballads. It is the story of the young and beautiful Lady Elina, who with her child was burned to death when her jealous husband set their home afire. Mother also possessed a virtual storehouse of other folk materials from which on occasion she could produce appropriate proverbs, riddles, and folk beliefs of various kinds. Such I discovered on my subsequent trips to Finland were the substance of scholarly investigations.

THE FINNS AND THEIR FOLKLORE HERITAGE

The earliest printed Finnish literature dates back a little over four centuries, and few manuscripts of older origin exist. These early printed works were a product of the Reformation, one of its principles being the provision of books in the language of the people. Mikael Agricola (1510-1557), the first Lutheran bishop of Finland, attributed with the distinction of being the founder of literary Finnish and the father of Finnish literature, translated the New Testament and other works into Finnish. His *Abckirja* (1540s) was the first book printed in Finnish and also the first book specifically designated for the teaching of reading in all of Sweden-Finland (*26*: 82-86).

Early Finnish literature was almost entirely religious in nature. During the six and a half centuries of union with Sweden (1155-1809), Swedish was the language of the elite, government officials, and the educated class in general. Instruction in all schools was in Swedish except in certain small, local or church-related ones in which the children of the common people were taught to read. A church decree of 1686 clearly prescribed that everybody was to learn to read. The fact that Swedish was the official language, the written language, and the language of Finland's small literary output, retarded the development of a body of Finnish literature until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Lacking in originality as old printed Finnish literature was, it is possible from Agricola on to detect a distinct national note and a gradual intensification of it from century to century. It was not until the eighteenth century, however, that the purely Finnish direction gained momentum through the work of the Juslenius, professor, historian, and student of folklore (*26*: 104-106). His ideas and activities were augmented and developed further by Porthan (1739-1804), another professor, historian, scientist, collector, whose influence was felt in all spheres of the cultural life of his day. Porthan used the Finnish language when almost everyone with any education still used Swedish. He was one of many professors who have inspired and shaped the course of the Finnish language and literature. He aroused interest in the history of the fatherland and raised its study to a level worthy of scholarly research and writing. In fact, later generations have come to refer to him as the "father of Finnish history." Porthan was the first to approach the study of old Finnish folk literature with a scientific attitude. He published an exhaustive analysis of old folk poetry in *De Poesi Fennica* (1766-1778). He further fostered the study of the Finnish language and literature and the collecting of folklore through his pupils and colleagues (*26*:106-109; *8*:24).

While the position of Finland as part of the Swedish kingdom had been unfavorable to the development of any sizeable body of written literature in Finnish, an extensive body of the earlier stages of Finnish literature persisted, represented by a rich folklore preserved as an oral tradition. Its roots reached into the dim pagan past, at least a thousand years before the spread of Christianity to Finland. Finnish folklore developed in much the same way as other European folklore in the Middle Ages. First came the hero epics; then the ecclesiastical influences introduced legendary poetry about saints and so on, and finally in the latest phase of epic poetry came the secular chivalric poetry (*26*).

A rich body of national lyric poetry came later, though some of the content material points to heathen inspirations and medieval Catholicism. Lyric poetry was sung mainly by women while epic poetry was sung by men. Many of the poems of this tradition reveal "Finnish melancholy," a sense of loneliness and lack of happiness.

Then there also was magic poetry or incantations based on the belief that dangerous forces of nature could be held in check or won over by the power of words.

Although the Reformation had raised Finnish "to a medium of intercourse with the Almighty," Swedish domination abased it to the level of a language unfit for use in secular matters. Yet there flourished a language rich, colorful, and capable of vivid expression and melody.

For so long had the masses been led to feel that their everyday language was unworthy, that it took a romantic, national movement—a national search for identity through the recovering of the heritage of stories and poems—to arouse them. This movement was given some impetus from outside the boundaries of Finland through philosophy and example. Johan Vilhelm Snellman (1806-1881), for example, very capably adapted to the Finnish situation from Hegelian doctrines, especially the idea of nationalism.

Finnish society, with the exception of the small upper class whose language, mode of thought, and way of life were Swedish, had followed its same way of life for centuries, jealous of its rights and understandably suspicious of anything new. The bulk of this Finnish society was rural, and the Finnish farmer had never experienced serfdom. There is no simple answer for the nature and extent of the transformation that took place in a period of some thirty years in the mid-1800s. A much-quoted, pithy slogan of the period was, "We are no longer Swedes, we cannot become Russians, let us then be Finns." Its coinage has been attributed to any one of three men. For the first one, Armfelt, it represented the need for a bold political reorientation, a political identity. To the second man, Arvidsson, university lecturer and romanticist, it was a summons to students and others to search for "the source of their nationality in the untapped wealth of the Finnish language and folklore." For the third man, Snellman, philosopher and statesman, it stood for the integration of language and nationhood (*26*:147-155).

Snellman's point of view was supported by a whole generation of young enthusiasts. Lönnrot (1802-1884) made his long excursions to Karelia and Savo to collect folk poems and other folk literature. Castrén (1813-1852) completed remarkable field studies of the Finno-Ugrian language group. Runeberg (1804-1877) wrote poetry that praised Finnish prowess in peace and combat (*26*:157-158, 140, 142).

Snellman and others had the idea that the very future of Finland depended upon the language of government, education, and public life being Finnish. The realization of this objective meant that the educated (that is, those educated beyond the minimal literacy level which was a possession of the common people), who had been alienated from the common people by their language barriers, had to learn Finnish. Finnish is a very difficult language, and the many dialects of the day further complicated the problem. So, this was no easy task, but, nevertheless, a necessary one in order to restore Finnish to its rightful position. In 1863, a law was passed giving Finnish equal status with Swedish in all matters "concerning the specifically Finnish-speaking population." A twenty-year period was allowed for the change. It was a beginning, which culminated in the recognition of the equality of the languages by the constitution of free Finland in 1919. Today Finnish is the predominant language spoken by a wide majority of the population of Finland. Only about seven percent have Swedish as a mother tongue, and all of them would know some Finnish.

GREAT COLLECTORS AND SCHOLARS OF FINNISH FOLKLORE

The first folklore book to be published in Finland was a collection of proverbs by a clergyman, Florinus, in 1702, preceded by some quarter of a century by the publication of the first magic rune (*runo* in Finnish, poem). Porthan published five volumes of his exhaustive study of the nature, meter, alliteration, parallelism, and other aspects of Finnish folk poetry between 1766-1778. In the late 1700's Ganander, a poor Ostrobothnian preacher, wrote down a large number of old poems, incantations, riddles, proverbs, and a few folk tales. He had several publications, one of them being that of the first two Finnish animal tales in 1784. Topelius Senior (1781-1831), father of the "fairy tale uncle" Topelius of Finnish children's literature, came in contact with numerous folk poems in Ostrobothnia, where he traveled about the area as a provincial physician (*18*: 380; *26*; *8*:24).

The date 1831 is a milestone in the story of folklore research not only in Finland but in the entire world. That year the *Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seura* (Finnish Literature Society, SKS for short), of which this writer is privileged to be a life member, was formally established by a group of young intellectuals devoted to the nationalistic cause. SKS has the distinction of being the first folklore society in the world. Its seal appropriately displays the *kantele*, a five-string, zitherlike instrument used for the accompaniment of the folk runes and the motto "Remain Sacred to Finland." The society's program has been extensive and has and does intend by its activities ". . . to promote the study of the intellectual achievements, customs, conditions, and fortunes of the Finnish-speaking people together with the Finnish and the most closely related languages and the folk culture therein, the cultivation of Finnish as a language of education, literature in the Finnish language and study of it, as well as other cultural work in which Finnish serves as a medium" (*8*:7-10).

The immediate practical reason for SKS's founding was to provide assistance to Lönnrot in the publishing of his extensive collections of Finnish folklore. The SKS became the heart and center for the aspirations for a Finnish culture. Periodically from its inception to the present day, important works in the area of Finnish language, literature, and folklore have been prepared under the auspices of this society. Even a selective list would be too lengthy to present in this paper (*18*:380).

The publication in 1835 of the first edition of the national epic, the *Kalevala* (Lönnrot), was the fulfillment of the nationalistic, romantic dream for which SKS was founded. "Had not the romanticists long dreamed of rescuing the remnants of Finland's ancient inheritance of folk poetry from oblivion?" (*8*:12). The *Kalevala* came out in a second expanded edition in 1849 and attracted even more attention than the first. Actually, it was as if Finnish literature suddenly emerged full grown. The *Kalevala* had a tremendous influence on the development of Finnish culture in general. It became, so to speak, "the sacred book" of the Finns of different walks of life for the remainder of the past century and well into this one. It influenced educators and politicians. The epic provided subjects for composers, poets, sculptors, and painters; for example, Jean Sibelius, Eino Leino, Alpo Sailo, and Akseli Gallen-Kallela. It created a new branch of science, the comparative study of folklore. Beyond the boundaries of Finland, the *Kalevala* attracted the attention of savants and put Finland on the literary map of the world; eventually the *Kalevala* was translated into some twenty languages. It was instrumental in the birth of the Estonian epic, the *Kalevipoeg* (1861), and in part provided the inspiration for Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha.*

In 1850 the Russian government (Finland was a Grand Duchy of Russia 1809-1917) forbade the publication of books in Finnish in fields other than religion and agriculture. The publication of folklore collections was permitted, however (*18*:381). Along with other types of folklore that he had collected and published, Lönnrot had written down some folktales. The work of the Grimm brothers inspired SKS to undertake the publication of some Finnish folktales. From 1852-1866 SKS published four volumes of folktales of the Finns by Salmelainen (Erik Rudbeck, 1830-1867). *Suomen Kansan Satuja ja Tarinoita* (Folk Tales and Legends of the Finnish People) remains Finland's most distinguished folktale collection, according to Haavio, member of the Academy of Finland and former professor of comparative folklore at the University of Helsinki. Haavio considers it incomparably superior to the prototype, the work of the Grimm brothers. "Where the tales of the Grimm brothers sparkle and warm, there the tales of Salmelainen glow and burn" (*23*:xiii). According to a reading inventory that the writer made in Finland in 1954, a sizeable number of intermediate-grade youngsters mentioned ***Suomen Kansan Satuja ja Tarinoita,*** but Haavio feels that it is really more for adults than for children.

Of all folklore materials, SKS has given the most attention to the arrangement and publication of old Finnish runes (poems). Between 1908 and 1950, 33 volumes were issued under the title of ***Suomen Kansan Vanhat Runot*** (The Ancient Poetry of the Finnish People). The largest work of its kind ever published in any language, it totals some 27,000 pages, aggregating more than 1,270,000 verses in the ancient native meter (*18*:381; *8*:47).

The earliest publications of the Finnish Literature Society (SKS), which were from the romantic period and included, among others, the work of Lönnrot and Salmelainen, were not and did not aspire to be scientific collections of source materials in the present-day sense. In Finland, the period of scientific publications in folklore began in the 1880s "as a consequence of the demands set upon material by the geographic-historical methods of research created by evolutionistic thinking." The first such scientific publication was the initial volume of a collection of folktales planned on a large scale under the editorship of K. Krohn, ***Eläinsatuja*** (Animal Tales), which appeared in 1893. The second volume was ***Kuninkaallisia Satuja*** (Kingly Tales) (*8*:46).

The two Krohns, father and son, were prominent folklore figures, well known in the development of the so-called "Finnish School" of folklore. J. Krohn (1835-1888) was one of the able folklorists whom Lönnrot produced. Much of his special research was on Lönnrot's ***Kalevala*** and ***Kanteletar*** (Muse of the Kantele). J. Krohn's name in folklore rests, however, primarily on his development of the historic-geographic method, which was initiated in response to the general change in scientific thought that occurred in the last decades of the nineteenth century (*18*:382-383).

The historic-geographic method of research is based on the idea of "law bound evolution taking place in connection with the geographic movement of tradition." The idea was that of Borenius; the method was originated by J. Krohn and then developed further by his son Kaarle (1863-1933). The method gave a new thrust to the task of collecting folklore. Its basic requirement was the accumulation of the maximum number of variants from all areas where the products of folklore were under scrutiny. The new method was aimed at collections of folklore materials for scientific research that no longer centered on Lönnrot's *Kalevala* but rather on the original variants recorded from the lips of the informants (*8*:27-28).

In 1946, Thompson wrote that "the most serious attempt to perfect a technique for the study of the folktale has been made by K. Krohn and known as the historic-geographic method, or in deference to its origin, the Finnish Method." He continued with, "The goal toward which a student using this method strives is nothing less than a complete life history of a particular tale" (*28*:430). Thompson also stated that "historic-geographic studies are concerned primarily with the content of tales" (*28*:447). Haavio has said that ". . . the former collection activity had taken place primarily with the view to the works in which folklore was the subject, whereas now it was undertaken to gather folklore for works in which it was the object" (*8*:28). The method has not been without its critics, of course. K. Krohn was a folklore scholar in the areas of the folktale and the epic song. Probably his greatest contribution to the whole folklore area was his unusual ability to organize and coordinate the work of other scholars, both on a national and international scale. In 1907, he and Olrik founded the Folklore Fellows (known by the initials FF), an international organization of outstanding persons involved in folklore activities in different countries. The organization is responsible for the well-known series of folklore publications called FF Communications (FFC); K. Krohn edited over a hundred volumes of this international series (*18*:383).

As an aside, it may be of interest to the reader to learn that the beginnings of children's literature in Finland were bound closely to the rise of Finnish nationalism, which began in the 1860s. It was about that time that the first educated families of Finland began to really accept Finnish as a mother tongue, and a need for children's literature in Finnish was felt. J. Krohn, in addition to his scholarly pursuits in the field of folklore, wrote poetry for children. Some of these poems are still read in school readers and in collections. He also translated the fairy tales of Hans Christian Anderson into Finnish, as well as Scott's *Ivanhoe* and other foreign books for older readers. He wrote a series of Finnish history books for youngsters and was actively involved in the publication of a popular children's magazine called *Pääskynen* (The Swallow) with his wives, Emma and then Minna. Later his son Kaarle wrote in it occasionally under the pseudonym of Väinö (*21*:25-28).

Of the outstanding Finnish folklore scholars, it was Aarne (1867-1925) who developed the historic-geographical method the furthest. He also developed the type index by which he later cataloged all Finnish folktales. This is the index that was expanded later by Thompson (*28*:431-436). Aarne did not think that the folktale as such had value as an aid in studying some other folklore form until its own history had been determined through rigorous comparative study. He attempted to show that believing the separate motifs to be the only permanent part of a folktale was in error for every folktale had its own particular plot and unified composition. He was the first to show with details that Benfey's theory that many folktales originated in India was indeed correct (*18*:383).

Martti Haavio served as a functionary of the folklore archives of the Finnish Literature Society from 1931 to 1934 and as their first regular custodian from 1934 to 1948, when he became professor of Finnish and comparative folklore at the University of Helsinki. How highly respected this area of scholarly study is in Finland is evidenced by the appointment of Haavio to the Academy of Finland in 1956. Haavio stimulated another boom in folkloristic activity and got under way a large-scale project of systematizing all the collections of the archives along entirely new lines (*8*:32, 42).

Juoko Hautala became the custodian of the folklore archives in 1948 and during his tenure in office, extensive folklore research has been encouraged by the Finnish Literature Society (*8*:35). Among other books, the two men have edited a book on Finnish riddles. Specific information on the development of folklore research in Finland may be found in historical studies written by them (*8*:51). Hautala's study, *Suomalainen Kansanrunoudentutkimus* (History of Finnish Folklore Research) was published in 1954. Part of it has been translated into English recently and published by Societas Scientiarum Fennica in Helsinki in 1969 under the title of *Finnish Folklore Research 1828-1918*. It includes the work of scholars beyond the limit of the time period stated if they belong to the pre-1918 period intellectually and a few comments on some later scholars (*7*).

As is frequently the case, the so-called "Finnish method" was initiated in other countries even after the enthusiasm with which it had first been received in Finland had subsided and Finnish folklore scholars were already conceiving and experimenting with new approaches. Today there is considerable emphasis on interdisciplinary approaches with interaction with fields like anthropology, sociology, psychology, linguistics, and history.

The basis of the folklore archives of the Finnish Literature Society was the material collected by Lönnrot, together with some even older collections. The archives include the collections of various folklore scholars of Finland, but they also contain a great deal of material from lay collectors. K. Krohn made numerous proposals for stimulating collecting, such as the establishment of regular agents, the appointment of a regular board to take charge of directing the collecting, the drawing up of guidebooks for carrying on field work in folklore, and the making of appeals to the public at large. In 1884 K. Krohn developed a guidebook for collecting folktales, and there have been numerous ones since that day. These folklore archives are housed in part of the building of the Finnish Literature Society on Hallituksenkatu 1 in Helsinki and are no lifeless museum collection but rather are in constant use by Finnish and foreign folklore students and scholars. The Finnish folklore archives are the largest archives of their kind in the world with some 1,550,000 cataloged items (*8*:20-53).

The folklore archives and the University of Helsinki cooperate in giving courses in Finnish and comparative folklore studies. Since K. Krohn was appointed docent in 1888, folklore research as an independent subject has been part of the university curriculum. In 1908 a chair in the area was established at the University of Helsinki. Thompson, writing in PMLA in September 1964, on "The Challenge of Folklore" comments on the increasing numbers of students from all parts of the world who realize the importance of serious preparation in folklore. In the past such preparation was limited to only a few universities and libraries in various countries. He states that "systematic instruction of this sort was developed first in Finland, and some of our leading folklorists have spent time there" (*27*:365). In Finland quite a few undergraduates at the university, who are preparing for the teaching of Finnish in the schools, take work in folklore because of the general interest in the field in Finland and because it is so closely bound up with Finnish literature and language (*8*:53).

FURTHER NOTES ON SELECTED FOLKLORE WORKS

Elias Lönnrot (1802-1884) and the Kalevala. Born the son of a poor tailor, Lönnrot became the most diligent and influential figure in Finnish literature in the first half of the nineteenth century. A remarkable individual, he became a physician, student of folklore, philologist, and a professor of Finnish. In his ardent quest for education, he encountered all the difficulties and obstacles that confronted the Finnish lad of his day who tried to break through the barriers his language and station imposed on him. His first position as the district health officer in remote Kajaani (northeast Finland, south of Finnish Lapland) also provided a unique opportunity for the pursuance of his first love, folk poetry. From there opened up the expanse of an extensive backwoods area in which the spirit of the folk rune still lived and thrived. Lönnrot set out on many long, lonely, often treacherous journeys on foot to the frontier regions of eastern Finland and Karelia, where he heard and conscientiously took down the poetic songs of the native bards. It had long been realized that many of these poems dealt with the same legendary heroes or demigods, the chief of which was Väinämöinen. Being a classical scholar, too, Lönnrot saw the possibility of welding together different variants of the same themes into a work of epic proportions and strength. He skillfully combined legendary, magical, lyrical, and other folk materials together in a poetic whole. In the second edition

(1849), out of some 23,000 lines of verse in its 50 runes, only a few hundred were "written in" by Lönnrot, mostly as connecting material.

The story of the epic is long and many-faceted. It begins with the creation of the world from the broken egg that a duck had laid on Ilmatar's knee as she floated in the sea and with Ilmatur's (Daughter of the Wind) giving birth to the main hero, Väinämöinen, seer and bard. The story ends with the birth of the god-child, the new hero (son of the virgin Marjatta, who swallowed a cranberry and conceived), and the departure of Väinämöinen, who, realizing the superior powers of the new hero, sang himself a copper vessel and sailed away into the sunset, leaving his *kantele* and songs behind for the people to go on enjoying. Between these limits is a rather loosely constructed story that follows the exploits of a number of men, partly in the land of fantasy and partly in the land of reality. The intervening episodes deal with four main themes: the rivalry between the heroes of Kalevala and Pohjola (Northland); the magical ability of Väinämöinen and the skillful Ilmarinen, a wonder smith; the amorous adventure of Lemminkainen; and the tragic tale of Kullervo.

The relationship of the two peoples (representing perhaps Finland and Lapland, the Finns and their foes, good and evil, light and darkness) is depicted in times of peace and strife. In peace time they meet primarily through visits, courtship, and the like. Battle is waged over the *sampo,* the magic mill which grinds salt, corn, and money, and in addition assures its possessor of everlasting prosperity. The magic *sampo* is eventually lost to both parties when it breaks and falls into the sea.

The characters of this epic are not, as are those of many better-known epics, great kings and mighty warriors, but rather ordinary people, such as farmers, fishermen, and smiths. Väinämöinen, the main hero, s a magician. The intellectual resourcefulness of the characters is pronounced. They rely on words, skill, and magic to perform deeds, rather than on mere physical prowess. There are no barbaric, bloody battles as in *Beowulf.* The people and the land are wild, it is true, but the level of life and civilization depicted is surprisingly high. Traditional festivals and rites are emphasized, the Finnish *sauna,* for example. Music permeates the epic (*19*).

K. Krohn felt that the poems of the *Kalevala* were composed in western Finland, where they were no longer to be found but still were preserved in Karelia and in Archangel and Olonetz. In the *Kalevala* are many motifs which also are known among other peoples. Many motifs in Finnish runes have come from the Scandinavians, Lithuanians, and Russians. The influence of the first two was experienced in heathen times; and the influence of the last one was somewhere between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, intensifying around the seventeenth. Finland borrowed some motifs, but she also shared many of her own. In Finnish folklore some motifs have been preserved in a purer form than in the nations from which they have been borrowed. There are also some purely Finnish myths, such as the creation of the world by a bird. These borrowed materials have been so reworked and elaborated upon by the Finns that what they have produced is essentially new (*18*:385).

The epic is written in octosyllabic trochees and dactyls, or the "Kalevala meter." It also makes use of much alliteration, parallelism, and repetition. Finnish, which is vowel-rich and highly inflected, lends itself to the expression of a wide range of variety and degree of feeling. The large number of words which are onomotopoetic in their inception makes Finnish very effective in vocal description (*10*).

Max Müller has called the *Kalevala* the fifth national epic in the world. Grundy says in his introduction to the Everyman's Edition of the *Kalevala* that "no national epic lies so firmly in the hearts of the people" (*12*). The *Kalevala* has been praised and criticized. Be that as it may, the epic had a resounding effect on the Finnish people, convincing them that their ancestors had not been mere forest dwellers but a spiritually gifted people.

Finnish school children get some kind of introduction to the epic early in their school years. Many of the elementary school readers in Finland have short excerpts from the *Kalevala.* In his *Kaunista Kalevalaamme Lyhyesti Kouluille* (Some of Our Beautiful Kalevala in Brief for Schools), Salola presents his somewhat coordinated selections from the epic for the young reader (*25*). There are numerous other collections with excerpts, too.

In 1888, John Martin Crawford's poetic two-volume translation, the first in English to the writer's knowledge, was published in the states with a second edition in 1891. In 1907, Kirby's *Kalevala: Land of Heroes,* a poetic two-volume translation, came out in England. There have been several editions, the most recent 1961-1966. This second poetic translation comes closer to the feeling of the epic (*12*). Two usable prose translations are those by Johnson and Magoun (*11, 14*). The writer happens to use the first of these more than the second, probably only because the person who did the translating has a substantial Finnish-American background. All these four translations are meant for adults first, though certainly some interested secondary school student could use them, especially the prose translations.

A usable, full-length-book prose translation of the *Kalevala* for intermediate grades and junior high is Baldwin's *The Sampo* with its illustrations by N. C. Wyeth (*1*). A more vigorous prose translation for junior high age youngsters is Deutsch's *Heroes of the Kalevala* (*4*).

Elias Lönnrot and the Kanteletar (*Muse of the Kantele*). The *Kanteletar* is a compilation of about six hundred old lyric poems that first was published in 1840 with a revised edition posthumously in 1887. The Finnish

Literature Society published the 12th edition in 1954 with an informative introduction on folk poetry by Lönnrot (*15*).

The poems in the *Kanteletar* were not presented exactly as "sung" and recited by the common people, but rather Lönnrot often selected or constructed his versions of them from various variants, working on them in different ways to increase their poetic effect. Included in the anthology are women's songs of cares and sorrows, young men's drinking songs, songs of shepherds and woodsmen, lullabies, children's songs, boys' songs, girls' songs, "teaching" songs, didactic legends, lyrics, tragic ballads, and others (*6*).

Finnish school children are familiar with various poems from this collection because they are included in some school readers, children's poetry collections, and books of readings for recitations. When this writer did a field study in Finland and visited numerous schools, she found children eager to recite many of the selections included in the *Kanteletar*. For example, in *Lasten Runotar* (*16*) there are a number of selections from the *Kanteletar*, such as "Your Pigs, My Pigs," "The Sentenced Cat," "I'm Coming Home," and "Others Heard the Churchbell."

The English reader can find a few scattered poems from the *Kanteletar* in various anthologies, such as *Voices from Finland* (*29*). Some examples are "Others Heard the Kirk-Bell," "Homesickness," and "The Voice Struck Dumb."

Eero Salmelainen, Suomen Kansan Satuja ja Tarinoita (*Tales and Legends of the Finnish People*). Salmelainen's extensive collection is the classic of all the folktale collections of Finland and enjoyed by the "young of all ages," although not meant for children originally. First published in four volumes, the collection includes a wide variety of tales of magic, animal stories, humorous stories, and legendary ones. The contents were based on the collecting that Salmelainen himself and others did in the field. Salmelainen did not present the stories exactly the way they were told, however, but artfully refined them in his own inimitable style, which is forceful, dramatic, and colorful. Salmelainen had a superb command of his language; and in his choice, sonorous style he brought to life the deep, dark forests, the thousands of lakes, and the little farms that here and there disturbed only slightly the objects of the natural landscape and the story folk that inhabited them: trolls, water spirits, clever peasant lads, kings, princesses, wolves, foxes, bruins, mice, and many others. Although he wrote over a hundred years ago, his command of the linguistic form of Finnish was such that very little has had to be changed to increase the readability of his stories for modern readers. These tales are folktales, but they are also Salmelainen's tales for they are retold, revitalized in Salmelainen's own telling style (*23*, *21*:14, *17*:9).

In 1955 the Finnish Literature Society published a combined volume of *Suomen Kansan Satuja ja Tarinoita* (*23*), illustrated by Heljä Lahtinen. It was one of two printed sources used by Bowman for his *Tales from a Finnish Tupa* (*3*). The other printed source was Iivo Härkönen's *Suomen Kansan Satuja* (Tales of the Finnish People).

K. Merikoski, Suomen Kansan Satuja (*Tales of the Finnish People*). In his introduction, Merikoski states that it is his objective to produce a collection of Finnish folktales that will inspire in the younger generaton an interest in and admiration for the folklore heritage. The style is simple, interesting, and appropriate for children. He has avoided the dialectal, common language in which the stories often were told originally. Violence has been kept at a minimum.

The volume is a large book of almost five hundred pages. It was published in 1947, with the 4th edition in 1960. The book is well illustrated by Erkki Tuomi with stories much shorter than those in the Salmelainen collection.

The stories are divided into five categories: animal stories, tales of stupid troll-like creatures, adventure stories, stories of saints, and noodlehead stories. There are a great variety of animal stories, including both wild and domesticated animals with 23 about the sly fox alone. Merikoski based his animal stories on K. Krohn's collection of animal stories. Merikoski's other stories are based on collected items in the folklore archives of the Finnish Literature Society (*20*).

Raul Roine, Suomen Kansan Suuri Satukirja (*The Big Book of Tales of the Finnish People*). This large folktale volume of 420 pages includes 67 stories. In order to do these retellings of folktales familiar to generations of Finns, Roine painstakingly examined the extensive collections of the Finnish Literature Society. He compared variants and combined elements from different versions. He did not copy the original recorded wording, but rather he modified and polished the style—and sometimes the thread of the story as well—in order to present the best possible "whole." The reading difficulty is between that of the Salmelainen and Merikoski volumes. The book is illustrated by Helga Sjöstedt (*22*).

Eero Salola, Hölmölan Kylä (*The Village of the Hölmölaiset*). All the three previously described large folktale books are handsome volumes. This one (*24*) is no exception. It is an outstanding example of Finnish bookmaking with its leather back and corners. Its hilarious illustrations by Sjöstedt won in 1960 the coveted Rudolf Koivu award, a prize given for the best-illustrated book of the year for young people.

The people of *Hölmölan Kylä* are noodleheads, stupid people who do all kinds of foolish things. The stories about their activities, adventures, original inventions, and peculiar one-of-a-kind wisdom have entertained the Finns for years. There are many stories about them, and Salola has collected these old tales and organized them into a chain of stories by quite freely adding and subtracting in order to better fit them together.

Toivo Rosvall has translated some of these noodlehead stories and has a retelling of them in his *The Very Stupid Folk*. Bowman included some of them in his *Tales from a Finnish Tupa* (*3*), three of which were later reprinted in *Seven Silly Wise Men* (*2*).

Besides the translations into English that have already been mentioned in the text of this paper, there are the three Fillmore volumes: *Mighty Mikko: A Book of Finnish Fairy Tales and Folk Tales, Wizard of the North*, and *Shepherd's Nosegay* (*5*). Only the last one of these is still in print. It includes five stories from *Mighty Mikko*; the others in the volume are from Czechoslovakia.

Besides the *Wizard of the North* volume, there are two others on the Finnish epic which this writer has not had the opportunity to examine: M. Haavio's *Väinämoinen, Eternal Sage* (Porvoo: Werner Söderstrom, 1952) and K. Bosley's *Tales from the Long Lakes* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1966).

THE FINAL WORDS

In Finland, the early awakening of interest in the collecting and serious study of folklore was to some extent a reflection of similar activity in other countries. However, the really remarkable development of this pursuit in a country with such a small population (a little more than four and a half million) has been attributed by Hautala to three factors.

The first of these factors has been the wealth and preservation of the folklore heritage. This heritage includes even many more kinds of folklore materials than those that have been mentioned in this limited paper.

The second factor has been the involvement of a whole cross-section of citizenry, from scholars to the common people, who have sensed the preservation of the ancient heritage to be their mutual concern. They not only have assisted the work financially by making donations and purchasing copies of collections and studies but they have taken up active collecting as an avocation. The latter has been a systematically guided activity in which thousands of persons all over Finland have participated.

The third factor has been that the collection of folklore was comprehended "to be above all a patriotic, national task, involving the building up of a Finnish and Finnish-language culture, ever since the time, coinciding with the awakening of romantic interest throughout Europe in folklore and the national past, when Finland was cut off from Sweden after many centuries of common rule and was joined to the Russian empire as an autonomous nation" (*8*:20-23).

In the summer of 1967, the writer was fortunate to have a stipend from the National Endowment for the Humanities to begin a "Field Study of Living Finnish-American Immigrants with Emphases on Backgrounds, Dialects, and the Perpetuation and Adaptation of Folk Literature" in five selected counties of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

One of the writer's informants, a frail but spunky elderly man, was describing the *heikot eväät* (meager provisions) that he had brought with him from Finland fifty-some years ago. He owed seventy-five dollars for his passage. He managed to share the ten dollars required as a "landing fee" with a fellow immigrant. He did not understand any English. He had a "weak mind and a strong back" (accompanied with a shrug). Then he paused, smiled a slow, low smile and said, "But I did have a *kontti* (an old-fashioned pack made of birchbark for carrying lunch) full of stories, didn't I? . . . Jaaa . . . a *kontti* full of tales. And you liked them, didn't you?" . . . Yes, I did like them.

Yes, to the Finns their folk literature has been extraordinarily important. Their whole cultural life has been permeated and nourished by their folklore heritage, right up to the present day.

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Some Folktales and Legends From Northern England

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SINCE its heyday at the turn of this century, folklore scholarship in England has suffered a considerable decline, especially as an academic subject. Nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the collection and study of folktales. The famous English folktale scholars who flourished in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries not only collected tales but also made their contributions to the analysis and classification of traditional narratives elsewhere in Europe and beyond.

Folklore scholarship in England also apparently declined somewhat in prestige following the disenchantment with the theories of the solar mythologists. This decline was also reflected in other branches of folklore study in the country itself until comparatively recent times. During the past 20 years, however, and especially in the present decade, there has been a remarkable reawakening of both popular and academic interest in folklore in England. Along with this movement has come a reappraisal of the important contribution which folklore makes in the development of a culture. With the recognition of such academic disciplines as anthropology, sociology, and linguistics has come the realisation that the folklorist has a crucial part to play in documenting the traditional cultural heritage. By observing and analysing existing traditions he is able to clothe the bare bones of theory with the living reality which is the "personality" of the culture itself. Equally important, he can reach back into history to trace the development of those traditions which have helped to mould contemporary culture.

It should not be assumed, however, that there has been a lack of continuity in English folklore scholarship during the twentieth century. Much important work has, of course, continued for many years in other parts of the British Isles, notably through the Irish Folklore Commission, the School of Scottish Studies, and the Welsh Folk Museum. Although some aspects of the traditional inheritance received comparatively little attention, others continued to be studied in considerable depth and with increasing insight, thus maintaining important links with earlier work in these fields. The study of local language, for example, has continued to expand and develop and has been stimulated greatly in recent years by the realisation that all aspects of linguistic usage, contemporary and historical, are worthy of study (*8*). The investigation of childlore (*7*) has proved equally fascinating to the scholar and to the general public. Studies of custom and belief (*6*) have aroused considerable interest over the years, and both psychologists and sociologists are becoming increasingly aware of these aspects of human behaviour, both individual and social. Folk music, dance, and drama have also received considerable attention, notably through the work of the Folk-Lore Society and the English Folk Dance and Song Society. Traditional arts, crafts, work techniques, and related aspects of material culture have also continued to stimulate research and collection, especially on the part of local museums and particularly those concerned with rural life. As Bonser (*2*) testifies, continuity of research into all aspects of folklore has been maintained throughout this century through the work of the Folk-Lore Society. Local societies have also maintained similar research, and individual scholars and specialists have continued to publish material on many aspects of folklore.

It is perhaps significant, however, that of all the branches of folklore scholarship in England, the collection of folk narrative seems to have been one of the last to claim attention in the current revival of interest. This delay may be due to three principal factors:

1. It is known that comparatively few Märchen appear to have survived even up to the nineteenth century in England.
2. It may be felt that the early collectors had already assembled and described a large number of traditional narratives; and it was, therefore, unlikely that a substantial number of other narratives, especially Märchen, would be discovered at this late date.
3. The enormous and far-reaching developments in education, technology, and communication during this century may suggest that the traditional narrative would survive rarely, if at all, in contemporary England.

In spite of these factors, however, examples of English traditional narrative have been collected and published at various times throughout the century, some of them recently (*3, 4*). Nor are such objections as these justifiable obstacles in the collection of contemporary traditional narrative, which, although perhaps greatly modified since the nineteenth century, may still be found in abundance and most certainly merits attention. It is true that one should not expect to find numerous examples of Märchen, but many of the motifs, formulas, and structural devices of the genre may be characteristic of many traditional narratives which are to be regarded as legends or anecdotes rather than true folktales.

Traditional narratives live on in the minds of both countryman and city dweller; and as Dorson (*5*) and others have pointed out, tales are told, often in the shortened form of anecdotes or jokes, on numerous social occasions when people meet. Often it is merely an exchange of the latest stories between individuals who meet casually. More frequently the storytelling situation arises when a larger group gets together at a sporting event, such as a football match; or perhaps for a drink at "the local" (i.e., the public house), or on more formal social occasions, such as parties and dinners. In the traditional manner the telling of one tale triggers off another; and so the tales are passed on and modified, like other aspects of folklore, by oral transmission. At times, variants of a given tale will be mentioned and even discussed; and such introductory remarks as, "Oh, the one *I've* heard goes like this . . ." or "The Yorkshire version of that is a bit different . . ." are common. Stories may vie with one another and with their own variants in this way, and elements of *blason populaire* enter into the situation on occasions when a story is told against, or alternately in praise of, a given person or place. A reconteur may often prefix his tale with such questions as "Have you heard this one?" or "Have you heard the one about . . .?" or "Do you know this one?" If most members of the group have heard the tale or if it is felt to be too well known to the audience to raise a suitable response, the tale may simply be alluded to and perhaps enjoyed vicariously, as it were. The audience is reminded of the punchline or the point of the tale after brief allusive reminders, such as "You know, it's the one where the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman are . . . ." Narratives of this kind pass into and out of print. They may be quoted or retold from a printed version in a jokebook, magazine, newspaper, or even a radio or television script. They may then undergo the processes of oral transmission and may perhaps be found in print again at a later date. Some of them may appear in novels, plays, and short stories and may even serve as the basis for plots. Analyses of children's fiction, for example, frequently reveal quite a remarkable number of resemblances between the stories and traditional narratives in structure, motifs, formulaic qualities, humour, directness, and simplicity.

A major problem in collecting traditional narratives is the ephemeral nature of their variants which change so rapidly that a given version may be extant for only a brief period of time. The basic structure of the narrative persists, nevertheless, and remains substantially unchanged in spite of considerable modifications of location, nomenclature, and sometimes even motivation and punchline. Versions may be told which have different heroes, different locations, and markedly contrasting styles and yet preserve the essence of the tale, whether it is told in full or abbreviated form.

A second and more difficult problem is the fact that many people may not regard such narratives as in any way significant. Once the stories have been told, they lose their point, in a sense, at least insofar as that particular audience is concerned; the teller thus needs a new audience. This characteristic marks a fundamental difference between the Märchen told as entertainment for adults and its contemporary equivalent, the anecdotal legend. The Märchen would often be told and retold, and the same audience would hear it many times, perhaps even insisting on the accuracy of its restatement on each occasion. Although the majority of present-day stories are told to amuse and entertain, they rely heavily on novelty for effect and shun the tedium of the twice-told tale. This search for novelty inevitably means that new tales are being evolved all the time, albeit often based on the same old types and motifs; and new variants spring up in different places, carrying the tale into perhaps different channels from its original.

Certain basic themes, however, persist in traditional narratives of all kinds. Among the common stock of oral narratives are anecdotes about trades and professions, racial and social groups, and types who are regarded as characteristic of a given group, represented either adversely or otherwise. The fool, the strong man, the boaster, the drunkard, and similar types figure prominently in both the legend and the anecdote in present-day oral narratives in England, as elsewhere. People who typify the real or the supposed characteristics of a tradesman from a given location, such as a Yorkshire farmer, a Sheffield grinder, or a Filey fisherman, are also often found. Stories about preachers continue to be told, and there is an apparently inexhaustible fund of tales and jokes about politicians. Individuals who are in some way unusual in behaviour, dress, appearance, physical, or mental makeup—indeed, eccentrics of all kinds—figure strongly in such narratives. A considerable amount of social comment, both bantering and serious, is to be found in them, consequently, which deliberately singles out both groups and individuals and hinges the tale upon them or upon a particular aspect of their behaviour, personality, and so on. In this way, tramps, rag-and-bone men, and people with regional accents or foreign pronunciations become the typical butts of such stories.

In the north of England comparatively few anthologies of traditional narratives have appeared this century to supplement the work of the great nineteenth century collectors. A great wealth of legends and anecdotes, however, remains scattered through numerous books, journals, and newspapers, quite apart from those still remembered and told, often in dialect, throughout the region. In spite of the efforts of enthusiastic individual collectors over the years, no systematic attempt has been made to preserve for posterity more than a tiny fraction of the total number of tales which are still so well known and widespread. This condition applies even more to the uncharted profusion of tales and anecdotes in regional standard speech and other varieties of usage.

The establishment of the Institute of Dialect and Folklife Studies at the University of Leeds and later the Survey of Language and Folklore at the University of Sheffield has given new impetus to the collection of folklore in the north of England. Although no full-scale investigation of the folktale has been undertaken as yet, a number of tales have already been collected and now form part of the archive of the survey at Sheffield. It is from this archive that the examples of tales in the present study are drawn. They were collected mainly in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but some contrastive material from the West Riding is also included for comparison. It is interesting to note that tales of a similar type, told in the local dialect and with strong local characteristics, are to be found in these two different settings—the small, quiet seaside town and the large urban centre. The East Yorkshire tales were collected during the writer's fieldwork in the small fishing town of Filey between 1959 and 1963. The West Yorkshire examples were collected by P. S. Smith and the writer during fieldwork for the survey in the Sheffield area in 1969. The tellers in both regions were for the most part in their fifties to early seventies.

As is often the case with traditional narrative, the examples presented here were all told in regional dialect, and none of the tellers used even a northern regional standard speech as his normal mode of utterance. A major problem in the transcription of dialect narratives is the degree to which the pronunciation may be indicated in normal orthography. Such stories inevitably lose much of their local flavour and also, perhaps, a considerable amount of their forcefulness and freshness when transcribed into standard English. It is possible, nevertheless, to give local flavour by rendering some of the distinctive features of pronunciation in the transcript. For the general reader, however, it is usually necessary to normalise the narrative considerably. While the conventions of spelling may allow certain dialectal features to be represented fairly accurately, other features prove difficult if not impossible to render intelligible, especially for readers unfamiliar with the dialects concerned. Thus, it often happens that an inaccurate and misleading picture of the dialect as a whole is given. In these circumstances it seems best either to render the entire material phonetically or in normal spelling. In the present study, normal orthography is used; therefore, only those obvious features of local usage (such as the distinctive pronunciation of the final sound in syllables ending in *ing*) which are commonly found in similar transcripts elsewhere have been indicated. Unusual items of vocabulary and usage are in brackets.

The distinction made by folklorists between the folktale proper and the legend poses some problems in the classification of the tales which follow. It is not always easy to separate the legend—a tale regarded as true or told as if true—from other stories which typify the "willing suspension of disbelief" implied by the true folktale. In contrast with the legend, the folktale is given an unreal or fantastic setting. It may be set in a world of magic, peopled by ogres or talking animals. The nearest approach to this kind of tale in the present corpus of material is a version of the story about how a mouse escapes death twice. In this tale a mouse falls into a vat of beer at a brewery while reaching over it to get a drink. The brewery cat offers to rescue the mouse who agrees that in return the cat can have him to eat. The mouse tricks the cat, however, and escapes safely to his hole. The story ends with the well-known punchline about people saying or promising anything when they are "in drink." This punchline is typical of the play on words between literal and metaphorical meaning often found in other traditional tales. The story is well known in the north of England and has many characteristics of the folktale, including of course, the dialogue between two animals:

> Yance [once] there was a little mouse got into a house, and he felt very hungry when he got inside so he has a look round to see if there's aught [anything] to eat. Presently he comes across a door; it was slightly open, so in he pops. There was naught on t'floor so he climbs up yan [one] o' t'legs that was holdin' (the) shelf up. An' t'first thing he come across was a piece o' cheese. He had a good go at that and then he come across a piece o' sweetcake. An' he has another good go at that. An' then he felt dry, so he had a look round to see if there was aught to drink, but there was naught [nothing] nowhere. So he sholls [slides] down t'leg that holded t'shelf up an' scratched a hole into t'next door. An' as luck would have it there was another hole down there into t'next door, so he pops out an' he'd got into a spot [i.e. place] an' he says, "By! There's a rare nice smell in here!" An' he'd getten into t'brewery; an' there was two great big vats in this brewery, an' there was a lot o' steps led up to t'top so you could, see, look inside to see what there was in. So (the) little mouse he climbs up to t'top an' has a look at t'first one, an' that was no good 'cause it was only half full. So he thought, "I'll have a look across at t'other yan [one]." When [i.e. well] away he goes across to t'other yan. It was nearly full. So he thought, "Why, if I reach down I can get a drink here." Why, he reached o'er an' just as he was goin' to get a drink he tumbled in.

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> There he was in t'beer, an' he started swimmin' round an' round. And (the) sides o' t'vat was that slape [slippery] an' brant [steep] he couldn't get out.
>
> An' just then t'old brewery cat looked o'er t'side. He says to him, he says, "Thou's in a fine mess! What's thou doin' in there?
>
> "Why, I tumbled in," he says. "Will thou get me out?"
>
> "Why," he says, "what will thou give me if I get thou out?"
>
> "Why," he says, "thou can have me."
>
> So t'old cat says, "Collar hold on my paw, then!" So he put his paw down an' (the) little mouse collared hold on his paw, an' he ran up his leg an' onto his back an' down onto t'ladders, an' down as fast as his little legs could carry him. An' he just gat into his hole when t'old cat come after him. "Thou's a fine fellow! Thou said I could have thou, if I gat thou out!"
>
> "Aye, thou knows, but folks'll say aught when they're in drink!"

The only other tale in the present corpus which demands any suspension of disbelief is one in which a mermaid appears. Clearly this tale is a legend in that it is told as if true and comes into the category of supernatural legend by virtue of the reference to the mermaid. However, even the supernatural element itself is treated humorously. This story is a retelling of an earlier version remembered as a typical example from the repertory of a particular great storyteller in Filey:

> He used to tell the tale, thou knows. He said when he was . . . years since, when he was a young man, he went abroad. He went . . . he was abroad, like, in big ships. An ya [one] day they'd been in a hurricane or somewhat, an' . . . an' they('d) been brought up in (the) lee of an island for repairs. An' (the) sails had been blown out on her, and (the) spars had broken an' bent, and (he) carried on, like. They brought up about four days in (the) lee o' this island—, (a) lagoon sort of a spot. An' old B______ said he was on watch. (O') course, he was a great storyteller, like. He said he was on watch. He heard somebody shoutin'. (He) looked all o'er an' couldn't see naught. (He) wandered round—still heard somebody. He thought it sounded like a woman. He looked o'er (the) side an' he said there was a mermaid swimmin' about. He says, "Aye," he said, "there was a mermaid. Why," he says, "hallo! What do you want, missis?"
>
> She says, "Do you mind movin'?"
>
> He said, "We can anchor where we like. (The) sea's free!"
>
> She says, "I know you can, but," she says, "you've dropped your anchor right outside our lavatory door, an' my father's been fastened in four days!"

The supernatural element is also present in an anecdotal version from Sheffield of a tale in which two boys who are sharing apples they have stolen are overheard in a cemetery. The person who overhears their counting concludes that Jesus and the Devil are sharing up the dead between themselves. Versions of this tale are found elsewhere in the north of England; and although this example is very brief, it includes the essential elements of both structure and definite local setting typical of more elaborate versions:

> Aye, when they were in t'churchyard . . . two kids, aye. Two kids, were it, sharin' . . . been scrumpin' [stealing] apples an' . . . aye, that were about Cemetery Road cemetery an' all. You know where t'Frog Walk is, where . . . you know where you go on from Pembroke Street on t'wall there? (These) kids (had) been scrumpin' apples, an' they're in t'churchyard sharin' 'em. An' this here bloke's comin' past sozzled [drunk], an' he hears these kids sayin', "One for thee, an' one for me! One for thee, an' one for me!" like. An' he was sozzled, this bloke, an' he goes runnin' home. He says, "I've just heard Jesus an' t'Devil sharin' t' dead up!"

Although the remainder of the tales in this collection take the form of local legends or anecdotes, some of them include motifs which are also found in folktales. An example is the following anecdotal legend from Sheffield which tells of an abortive attempt to frighten a drunken man. It parallels the folktale of *The Youth Who Wanted to Know What Fear Is* (*1*). This version describes an attempt to frighten the man by having one of the jokers lie in a half-dug grave in the cemetery through which the drunk always passes on his way home. The formulaic triple repetition of the groans from the man in the grave illustrates the persistence of the "rule of three" common in folktales.

> I heard about one (story) in t'cemetery, when he goes . . . an' this were true—up at t'Ecclesall cemetery. An' this here chap always used to go through t'cemetery. They made this here . . . they knew which way he went, an' they made this here . . . oh, I know: the bloke there . . . an' he thought, "Why . . ." —he knew he went past this here place where this grave had been dug, so they thought they'd have a joke on him. So a bloke goes down—an' it's cold weather, you know, an they . . . one o' these chaps he goes down this here grave, an' he's waitin' for him passin', like. An' (o') course they were tryin' to shake him, frighten him. He's comin' back, kali sozzled [i.e., blind drunk] as he always is. An' this here bloke's sayin', "Oh!" down t'grave. "Oh!" he says. "Oh! It's very cold down here! Oh! It's very cold down here!" So this bloke, he . . . he was the drunk they were tryin' to frighten; he says, "What's up, old lad? Art

> thou cold?" He says, "Here thou art! I'll cover thee up!" He started kickin' t'soil on him (to) keep him warm! —They were goin' to frighten him!

Also, contests of various types are featured in folktales, and a parallel motif is found in the story of "The Seeing Match" recorded at Filey. The contest is won by means of a trick through which one of the contestants is proved to be telling a lie.

> But ya [one] day he reckoned he had good eyesight, an' he went down to (the) cliff top; him an' yan of his old boathands was challengin' yan another to a seein' match—how far they could see out to sea. They . . . they glanced out to sea an' then they looked harder an' harder until he saw a very small thing, (a) little bit of a dot right out to sea. An' he says to B______, "Can thou see that thing out there?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "What is it?"
>
> He says, "It's old P______ an' them. They're shootin' their lines on High Rock." They're, like, shootin'—they're puttin' 'em into (the) sea, you see. (He) said, "They're shootin' their lines on High Rock. Can thou see it?"
>
> Yes."
>
> "Is thou sure?"
>
> "Yes, I can," he says.
>
> "Why," he says, "can thou see old W______ givin' P______ a chew o' baccy?"
>
> He's looked. He says, "Yes."
>
> "Ah, why," he said, "(thou)'s a b______ liar then, because he doesn't chew!"
>
> (He) says, "Thou's wrong!"

A brief version of a well-known tale about the man who, when invited to sample the delights of female company, chooses instead to avail himself of some kind of food was recorded from a storyteller at Filey. In this version the protagonist is a house-painter by trade; and the toothsome morsel he selects is not cheese, which is a common motif in similar tales, but the typical Filey delicacy of curd cheesecake.

> They telled me that old G______ was . . . he was a painter by trade, an' . . . he was courtin' a lass on (the) Crescent [an upper class residential street], and . . . in his younger days, like. And she . . . there was cellar-kitchens to these Crescent houses; so she took old G______ down into t'cellar-kitchen an' walked him through into t'pantry with a candle. "Now, G______," she says, "thou can have aught [anything] thou likes!"
>
> He says, "I think I'll have yan [one] o' them cheesecakes!"

Legends about professions are common and often point not only to the typical characteristics of the profession in question but also to the idiosyncracies of the individuals concerned. The following two stories from Filey about local preachers show how both professional and individual characteristics are employed for humorous effect.

> A preacher, the special preacher at a village church, he was comin' one night. And the old lady of the village was livin' with her daughter and she had a very, very bad cold, so she couldn't go. So she says, "Why, thou go," she says. "Thou can tell me what he's like when thou comes back." Well, this preacher was a man who had all his sermon written out, an' he kept lookin' down at it, an' then up at the congregation; then down at it and up at the congregation. So when the young woman got home, t'old woman says, "Well, what sort of a fellow was he?"
>
> "Why," she says, "he was like an old crow in a tatey-field [potato-field]—two pecks an' then a look up!"

> A preacher on the Wolds, he was a fellow that used to get excited when he gat in t'pulpit. An' there was an old farmer used to sit down in t'front seat, cuppin' his ears up so he could hear him. An' half way through t'sermon this here fellow that was preachin' tumbled out onto t'old fellow. An' he'd given his text out: "And brethren I shall come an' dwell amongst you!" And when he tumbled out, he fell onto t'old fellow. He says, "I hope I aint hurten you!"
>
> "Nay," he says, "it was my fault. I ought to have shifted at first!"

Other tales told may include references to preachers and their families. The following story concerns the meanness of a local preacher's wife and tells how a local "character" succeeds in outwitting her. This additional feature of characterisation adds to the effect of the conclusion by implying that a mean person deserves to be taught a lesson. Elements of social comment, such as this, are often found in traditional narratives, sometimes with serious didactic purpose and sometimes, as here, with a lighter, humorous comment upon an aspect of human nature.

> There was one old chap in particular, an old . . . he was (the) lifeboat coxswain, old B______ . . . When he stopped goin' to sea, he couldn't rest. He had to be doin' somewhat [something], so he started to hawk fish round about farms . . . However, he used to go round (the) countryside hawkin' this fish, an' it gat to be a proper feud between him an' a local preacher's missis—(a) big farmer he was, but he was a local preacher an' all. An' his missis was a narrow one! By God, she was a greedy devil. She was well known for it—wouldn't buy naught [nothing]. She'd skin a b______ cat! However, she used to come out to old (B______).

It was a long, lonely road to get up to this farm, an' he used to go up with this old horse an' flat cart. An' when he gat to this farm, this wife used to come out, an' she used to look at t'cart and she always wanted somewhat which there weren't on (the) cart. Every time old (B_______) —she had him [i.e., caught him out]. She always could see somewhat what there weren't on. Well, ya night he couldn't sleep. He thought, "I'll do her [i.e., pay her out]! If it's (the) last thing I do, I'll do her!" He wasn't really hard up for money, 'cause he left quite a lot o' money when he died, like, as money went in them days. However, ya day he went up to this farm. He had everything what crept an' crawled an' swum in (the) sea on (the) cart. (The) wife comes out. "Now, (B_______)!"

"Now, missis."

"You have a rare show!"

"Aye."

Her eyes is flashin' round his cart. She had eyes like a ferret an' they were flashin' round his cart to see what he hadn't on. And she couldn't find naught. Suddenly she seed [saw] there was no kippers on (the) cart. He says . . . she says to him, "Huh! You have no kippers on (the) cart, (B_______)!" Her eyes lit up, like. He says, "Nay, I aint none on t'cart, lass," he says.

"Why," she says, "now I would have had four or five shillingsworth o' kippers off you if . . . if you'd had any," she says. "My husband does like kippers. Now, if you'd had some kippers," she (said), "I would have had four or five shillingsworth."

"By God," he says, "I have you this b_______ time, missis" An' he had 'em all stuffed down his trousers!

It sometimes happens that different versions of the same story may be found coexisting in an area. The tale may be transferred to another protagonist, for instance. A simple story may be elaborated, or alternatively a longer version may lose much of its elaboration. All references to the local preacher's wife are absent from the following anecdotal version recorded from another storyteller.

Another funny old fellow there was at Filey, (a) fellow called B_______ S_______; and that was his nickname, B_______ S_______. An' he used to go out gatherin' winkles on (the) Brig [a rocky headland on the north side of Filey Bay]. An' he had winkles an' . . . an' he would have a basket on his arm, and bloaters an' kippers an' (would) go round. Old women used to say, "Now then, B_______! What have you today?"

"Why, some bloaters."

"Why, aint you any kippers?"

"No, I have no kippers today."

"Why," she said, "I wanted bloaters."

Alright. Old B______ thought next day when he went round he would cop [catch] 'em, like. An' . . .

"Now then, B______! Have you any bloaters today?"

"Yes, I have some bloaters!"

An' he had (the) bloaters under his coat! He pulled (the) bloaters out! He made them alright!

The modern farmer comes in for humorous criticism in the following anecdote where an old farmer casts aspersions on modern farming methods.

> This is the old farmer and (the) field o' wots [oats]: ya [one] day on t' Beverley road just outside o' Driffield an' old farmer an' a young fellow were leant o'er a five-barred gate. An' t'old farmer says to t'lad, he says . . . he says, "They can't farm nowadays." He says, "Look at them headings [headlands]! They aren't ploughed up." He says, "An look o'er yonder at that field o' wots," he says. "It's that short," he says, "(the) sparrows'll have to kneel down to peck it!"

Shopkeepers, like other tradesmen, may have tales told against them. A humorous comment on a shopkeeper who is not only unscrupulous but also rather self-righteous is found in the following story from Filey.

> However, he used to sell (shrimps) . . . he used to take 'em round, an' (the) grocer used to sell 'em in them days. However, this grocer sent round straight away in sike [such] a great hurry. He wanted seven pound o' shrimps off old B______. So B______ takes him seven pound o' shrimps round—sends 'em round, like, with t'lass. An' however, (it) weren't long afore (the) grocer was round. He says, "Hey! How many shrimps does thou reckon thou's sent me?"
>
> Old B______ says, "I've sent thou seven pound."
>
> He says, "Thou hasn't. Thou hasn't!" He says, "I've weighed 'em on proper scales, an'," he says, "there's just o'er six pound." (He) says, "Where's thy scales?"
>
> He says, "There."
>
> (He) says, "Where's thy seven pound weight?"
>
> (He) said, "I aint yan [one]."
>
> (He) said, "Thou hasn't yan!" He says, "How's thou weighed me seven pound o' shrimps, then?"
>
> (He) says, "I weighed 'em out with that seven pound o' sugar I gat off thou this morning'!"

The isolation of small towns and villages up to the end of the nineteenth century and beyond gives rise to many stories about the insularity of such communities. Many people never left the boundaries of their own parishes, and the fisherman who had travelled up to a hundred miles or so of his home port was felt to be quite an experienced traveller. This insularity is well illustrated in the following two tales from Filey. In the first, a fisherman goes to London for the first time and acts as if he were still in his small home town. In the second, reassurance is given by an old fisherman that "foreign countries," which are in fact just towns some miles along the East Coast, will come to the country's assistance in the Boer War.

> His sister was seriously ill in London. He gets his pilot trousers on an' his reefer jacket, this square-cut hat, 'lastic-sided boots—they were the . . . they were the thing in them days. An' they used to wear hairy hats, most of 'em, when they were dressed [i.e. dressed in their best clothes], little sealskin hats. However, he got dressed, went to London. When he gets out at Kings Cross, he went up to (the) policeman. He says, "Can thou direct me to our Mary Lizzie's?"
>
> I'll tell you what . . . a story my grandfather used to tell about him. When the herrin' fleets used to follow the herrin' shoals, like, in them days, well they used to meet the Scotch lasses an' the Scotchmen comin' down with 'em. Early on in t'summer they used to go up as far as 'bout Shields. . . . They used to reckon they'd been to (the) end o' t'world almost when they used to go to Hartlepools and meet . . . an' then work all (the) way down—Hartlepools, Whitby, Scarborough an' down as far as Lowestoft an' Yarmouth at t'back end o' (the) year. An' then they used to come back from Lowestoft, like, when the herrin' . . . when the herrings had left there, do you see. That was as far as they went to southward . . . But however, anybody (who) had been as far to northward as Hartlepool an' as far to southward as Lowestoft, they'd certainly been somewhere! They'd travelled, accordin' to their ideas! However, old M______ was sat on (the) cliff-top seat down at t'bottom o' Queen Street ya [one] day, an' (the) bloke comes down with (the) special papers. When there was aught [anything] happened, there used to be a special paper come out in Scarborough, you see, an' they used to come round here sellin' 'em, shoutin' in (the) street, "Special!" Everybody has to go—them what could read; there weren't a lot could read in them days. However, old M______ wouldn't buy a paper in any case. "What's up?" So somebody went an' bought a paper, an' he this paper. "By God," he said, "there's a rum carry-on in (the) world, M______! We're all goin' to be killed!"
>
> "Killed?"
>
> "Aye," he says, "an' thou an' all! Thou's goin' to be killed! Thou'll be in with 'em! (Thou) doesn't want to think thou'll get out on it! Thou an'

> me an' all (the) lot on us, whether you're Ranters [primitive Methodists] or Wesleyans or . . . we're all goin' to be killed!"
>
> "What . . . what's up with thou?" he says. "What's thou gettin' excited about?"
>
> He says, "War's broken out!"
>
> "Who with?"
>
> He says, "With (the) Boers in South Africa. An'," he says, "we're all goin' to be killed!"
>
> Old M______ says, "Thou doesn't want to let that worry thou." He says, "We shall win, 'cause," he says, "all them foreign countries like Hartlepools an' Lowestoft'll come an' help us!"

The drunken man is a stock type who is the frequent butt of the humorous story, as already indicated. He appears also in a number of north country versions of the story in which he imagines that the reflection of the moon in water is, in fact, a cheese. (Examples of this tale have been collected for the Survey of Language and Folklore from South Yorkshire and also from Lincolnshire.) Sometimes a story is given added interest by identifying the drunk with a particular trade or profession. The Sheffield grinder, for instance, who by virtue of his work is obliged to slake his thirst frequently, has become one of the tradesmen with whom such stories may be identified. In the following tale, a Sheffield grinder resolves to stop drinking and to save his money for "faith, hope and charity," but the results of his good resolution prove to be somewhat different from what he expected.

> You ever heard the tale about that . . . that chap the Sheffield grinder? And he used to come home drunk every . . . every Saturday, singin' an' rowtin' [shouting, bawling] at t'top o' his voice. An' all t'neighbours were annoyed with him, like, and played hell about him. An' one Saturday his wife says, "Hey," she says, "I wish thou'd learn to have more sense," she says. "Thou'rt spendin' all thy money, annoyin' t'neighbours an' all that," she says. "An' if thou'd look after it, we could save a bit."
>
> So anyway he says, "I'll . . . I'll not booze [drink] any more. I'll start an' save my money."
>
> So, right religiously like, he come home every Saturday. [The] first Saturday he come home he says, "Has thou got a black stockin', lass?"
>
> She says, "Aye,"
>
> "Well," he says, "come down t'cellar with me," he says. "Put t'money in there [i.e. in the stocking]."
>
> (He) started savin' his money, like; put it in there. An' took a . . . they were all stone (walls) in t'cellars—it were only stones, stones . . . walls, like, you know—rough stone walls. Why, ours is (the) same, isn't it, down here? This has been up a hundred years (or) more, this house.

> And he loosens a stone an' put this here black stockin' in with t'money in it. He says, "Now then, I'm goin' to put somewhat [something] in there every Saturday when I come home," he says, "an' we'll save it for faith, hope an' charity."
>
> So anyway they goes down—oh, it were goin' on for months. Every Saturday they used to go down together. He'd pull t'stone out an' she'd put (the) black stockin' in with t'money in. An' after months an' months he come home one day. She says, "He's been!" she says.
>
> "Who's been?"
>
> She says, "What thou said thou was savin' that money for."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "Well, an old man come to t'door. He says, 'Have you got aught [anything] to spare, missis, for faith, hope an' charity?' So," she said, "I knew it were him so I gen [gave] it him!"

Of many typical stories about fools, the following example from Filey is given a setting on the Yorkshire Wolds—a respectable distance from the town. It is a characteristic of such stories that the fools live at least some distance away—perhaps in the next community or a neighbouring area where "foreigners" are felt to begin. As with the tales of the Austwick Carles and the Wise Men of Gotham, the element of *blason populaire,* in which one community regards another as the place where foolish people live, adds point to the story, especially for those familiar with the areas concerned. This type of story passes in and out of print, some versions being more formal than others. It is probably the case that many such tales, and indeed a number of other tales in the present corpus, may have been derived from printed sources and then passed into oral tradition. The story now to be quoted is given a setting sometime in the past, and yet it could be very easily applied to virtually any community, with some slight variation of the setting and the protagonists.

> At the beginnin' of this century there was two village teams on t'Wolds thought they'd have a football match. So they arranged to meet and they thought they'd have a good go at 'em. So they sets off an' when they gat to where they were goin' to they found out they were ya [one] fellow short. So t'captain o' t'team says to t'others, "Why," he says, "we mun [must] have somebody if we can get him."
>
> Well, there was only two spectators, an' that was a shepherd an' his lad. So he goes across to this lad an' he says, "Can thou layk [play] football?"
>
> "No," (the) shepherd lad says. "I can't layk."
>
> "Why," he says, "will thou be in goal for us?"
>
> So t'shepherd lad says, "What? Where that net is?"
>
> He says, "Aye."

"Why," he says, "alright, I can go in there."

So he went in t'goal an' (in the) first twenty minutes he'd letten four goals go through. So t'captain went to him. He says, "What for doesn't thou try to stop 'em?"

"Why," he says, "(the) net bihont [behind] me's doin' that!"

It sometimes happens that a collector is fortunate enough to find a story which is not only elaborate but also of traditional structure. Such a story was told by a raconteur at Filey who thoroughly enjoys storytelling. He often interrupts his tales briefly to add explanations of particular points, and some of these explanations are little anecdotes in themselves. He then returns to his original tale with renewed enthusiasm, having satisfied himself that his audience is fully aware of all the relevant background to the tale. The final story, in summary form only, was his particular favourite, and he had a high regard for it. It has a precise local setting, and he assures us that "every word on it's true" so that we have the clear statement that it is to be categorised as a legend. It tells how a fisherman puts some money collected for a chapel fund into some china dog ornaments on his mantelpiece for safekeeping until he can bank it after the weekend holiday. When he comes to get the money on the Monday morning, it is gone. He tells his wife of this and asks if she has touched it. When he confirms the fact that she has not moved it, he tells her that only four people know about the theft. When asked who the four are, he tells her that they are herself, himself, the Lord, and the person who has stolen the money. The rest of the tale hinges on the fact that the fisherman decides to put some of his own money into the chapel fund and that only those four people will ever know this fact—that he put some of his own money into the account because the original money had been stolen. The years pass, and the fisherman works hard and earns enough money to buy his own boat. When hiring some men to help him on the boat, he comes across a man who asks him if he ever found out who stole the money from him. As only four people know of the theft, the questioner must himself be the thief and, thus, gives himself away.

Tales such as this have both the structural and thematic elements which typify traditional narrative and are of sufficient length and interest to illustrate, even in summary form, the persistence of such narratives in contemporary northern England. This same persistence is, of course, to be found anywhere and everywhere in the British Isles in many different forms with countless variants. Yet few of these tales are known to the general public except, perhaps, in a form heard casually on a single occasion. A considerable effort will be necessary if these tales are to be collected and studied, and we have much to learn about their content, structure, and distribution.

Although the telling of full-length folktales (i.e., Märchen) as an entertainment for adults has virtually disappeared in England, especially in many urban centres, traditional narratives live on in the form of legends, anecdotes, and jokes; and they continue to play a significant role in our social relationships. Many of them are rooted in the past but may be modified in oral transmission so that they remain fresh and topical. Newer tales may be adapted from printed versions which in turn may have been based on a preceding oral narrative. They may also be borrowed and reborrowed by all the mass media and take on the life of oral narratives, reflecting traditional themes and structures. There is an urgent need to collect and record all such narratives to which we have access, so that some of the older and often more elaborate versions, as well as their newer recensions, may not be allowed to slip irrevocably away.

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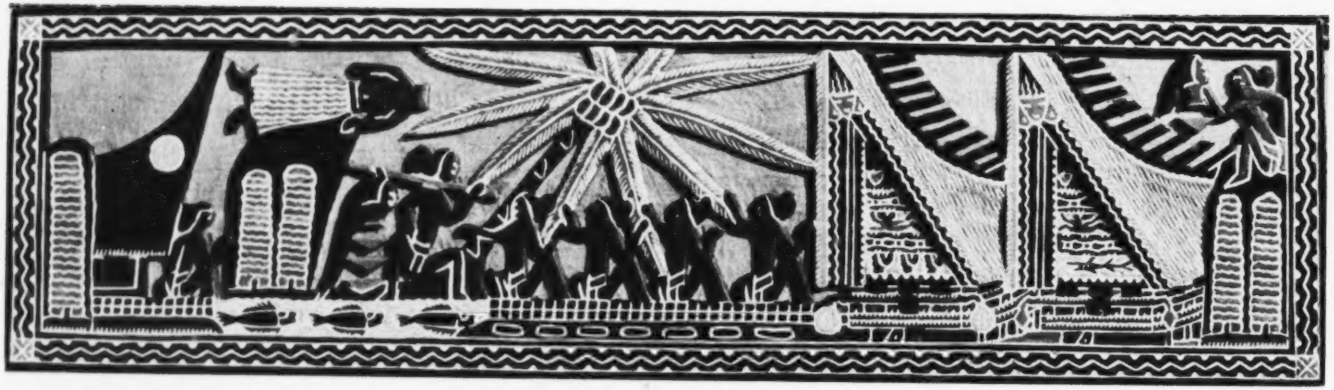
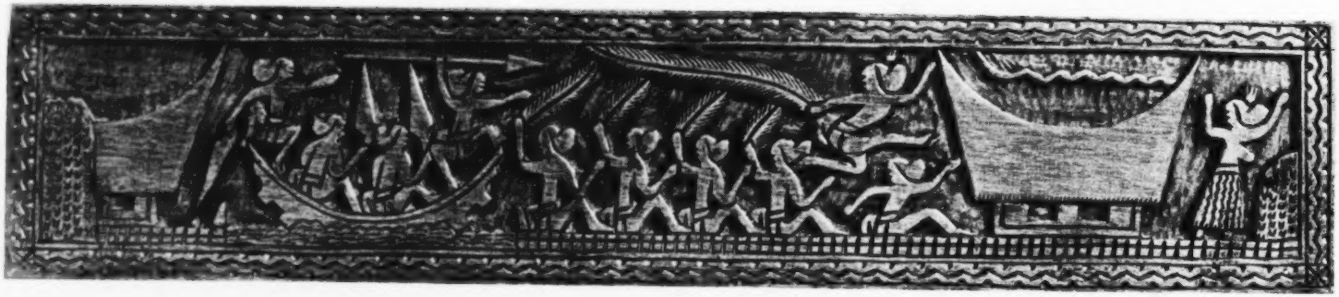
FOLKTALES OF THE PACIFIC AREA



The Story of Tulei and Surech. Tulei and Surech were in love. The Chief told Tulei to bring the face of the beautiful Surech to his *bai* so he could look upon her beauty. Tulei seemingly misunderstood; he cut off the head of Surech and carried it to the Chief to look upon. (The Storyboard usually portrays Tulei cutting off the head and carrying it to the Chief; a second scene is at the Chief's *bai*, where the mistake is revealed.)



The Attack at Ngirubesang. A group of men were on the tidal flat fishing with a seine made of coconut fronds strung together. While thus engaged, a war canoe from a neighboring island bore down upon them, and the enemy speared one of the fishermen. One of the fishermen ran to his village for help, but was so frightened he forgot to let go of the coconut frond, which he trailed after him as he ran through the village. Warriors from the village gave chase to the enemy, but the war canoe escaped, the enemy taking the head of the slain fisherman. (The storyboard typically portrays a group of men being scattered by men from a canoe, and the fisherman trailing coconut fronds as the humorous aspect.)

Tales and Legends from Micronesia

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"IF ALL the Micronesians in all this wide blue world were to come together, they wouldn't fill the stands of the Rose Bowl in Pasadena," observed *National Geographic* writer David S. Boyer (*1*). Yet this handful of people living in the 21,000 widely scattered islands of Micronesia have much that is beautiful and significant to add to the narrative folklore of the world.

The people of Guam, a territory of the United States, are Micronesian, as are the natives of the other islands in the area which make up the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, now administered by the United States under a mandate from the United Nations. The Trust Territory includes the Marianas, Carolines, and Marshalls—island groups so widely scattered that they cover an expanse of ocean larger than the area of the United States; yet the population (not including Guam's) is only about 93,000, and the land they occupy equals about two-thirds of Rhode Island. Not in the Trust Territory, but included by anthropologists as part of the Micronesian culture area, are the Gilbert Islands.

The Marianas—lying some 1,500 miles south of Japan, an equal distance east of the Philippines, and about 6,300 miles from San Francisco—include, besides Guam, such islands as Saipan and Tinian, remembered now mostly for their strategic importance in World War II. In the Carolines, which lie closer to the equator, are islands well known to seafaring adventurers for 300 years and of increasing interest to travelers today:

Palau, Ulithi, Yap, Truk, Ponape, and Kusaie. In the Marshall Islands, far to the east of the Marianas and Carolines, are atolls Eniwetok, Bikini, and Kwajalein, also holding wartime memories.

Except for the people of Guam, who are rapidly becoming Americanized, the Micronesians still center their lives around fishing and the uses of coconuts, breadfruit, taro, mangoes, sweet potatoes, bananas, and papaya. Old customs persist, reflecting strong adherence to land ownership, the great powers of local chiefs, the observance of social stratification, and an enduring respect for the senior members of the community. In the more remote villages, beyond the view of curious tourists, most of the women still go topless. Large families are common, and close clan and family relationships guarantee every child a home, security, love, and family loyalty. The children are free from our European and American sex taboos; and though fidelity in marriage is expected and strictly enforced, divorce is easy.

A long tradition of warfare among these island people has certainly contributed to the folkloristic idealization of strength in the men. For the women, physical beauty and skill in home crafts are most important, as they have been for generations. These attributes show up repeatedly in the narrative lore of the Micronesians.

"Of all the island-world of the Pacific," says the anthropologist Dixon (*2*), "the Micronesian area affords the poorest store of myth material; not that the people of these islands were relatively destitute of mythology, but because until recently practically no attempt had been made to gather and record it." Here Dixon is concerned primarily with myths rather than tales and legends, but he is correct in saying that such material has not been fully collected. Actually, hundreds of stories traditional from olden times are in current circulation throughout the islands. Some have been gathered and published, though they are not readily available to teachers and students outside Micronesia itself. One of the most usable collections of retold stories is by Gray (*3*). We can here offer only a small sampling of the oral literature from this region. These examples come from primary-source material. They were collected from native informants either orally or in written form and have not been published before in these versions. Edited and polished versions of some may be found in limited sources; but when such analogues are written for publication by professional authors, they cease to be true folklore. Their basic plot elements may be derived from folklore, but the story no longer belongs to the folk; it loses the idiom, the naiveté, the cultural flavor, and the narrative technique characteristic of the folk.

The following stories may not be truly representative. One cannot know what is typical until the full range of material is collected and studied. But they may serve as examples of legendry from parts of three major island clusters in Micronesia where many different languages are spoken: the eastern Carolines, the western Carolines, and the Marianas.

KUSAIE

Kusaie is in the eastern part of the Caroline Islands, which were first sighted by the Portuguese in 1526 or 1527. In 1686 these islands were rediscovered by Spanish explorers, but nothing much ensued. The rule of local chiefs was superseded by the Spanish government in 1885, but in 1889 the islands were sold to the Germans, who occupied them until 1914; then the islands passed to the Japanese. The United States took over in 1945, and since 1947 the islands have been under the United Nations as part of the Pacific Trust Territory. The island of Kusaie is of single volcanic origin and has a land area of 42 square miles. The Kusaian language, which is one of the eight distinct languages of the Carolines, is spoken here and in the adjacent island villages.

The basic characters and motifs in these Kusaian tales are much the same as those found in folktales throughout the world. One encounters ogres, giants, dragons, monsters, ghosts, magicians, talking animals, and animal people. Old men and old women play their roles, as do the local equivalents of kings and queens and princesses. There is much feasting and general concern about food. Geographic features are miraculously formed, and considerable attention is given to naming the people who accomplish notable feats. One of the commonest plot elements, which could prove to be thematically significant when these stories are studied, is the repeated searching for lost relatives.

The stories which follow were collected and written by ninth graders of the Kusaie Junior High School in 1962-1963. Under the direction of their English teacher the students made an expedition around the island to interview numerous informants. Edited by Alex Phillip, one of the students, their stories were compiled into a manuscript booklet now included in the Archive of Micronesian Folklore at the University of Guam (*8*).

The Beginning of the Ruin in Lelu

Once upon a time, a king and queen arrived in Kusaie. The queen arrived in Tafunsak at a place called Lukunlulem. The king arrived at a place called Sialat also a part of Tafunsak village. They weren't married at this time, but afterward they got married.

They decided to build their castle at the place where the queen had landed. The old men at that time told them that the place which they chose to build their castle was not a good place.

So the magicians of that time used small coconuts to find a good place for their fortification. They found that a place which receives direct sunlight was the best. So they went to Lelu and built the building for them.

They built this building as a fort to protect the king and the queen from their enemies. It is believed that it was built by Saa Taf and Lupankosrayawal. These two men possessed the greatest power of magic on the island. These two men decided that each should bring a raft of rocks; one should bring basalt rocks, and the other one was to bring lighter rocks.

They sailed out at the same time with lots of food on their rafts. After a few days, Saa Taf returned to Lelu with a raft full of basalt rocks. His workers unloaded the rocks and started to build the fort. Saa Taf and his men completed the fort before Lupankosrayawal returned.

When this man heard that the work at the fort was over, he threw out all the things on his raft at Finlum and Putuk, then he came toward Lelu and met Saa Taf at Konlulu, a section of Lelu. When Saa Taf asked him about his raft, he (Lupankosrayawal) said that he left his raft between Okat and Tafunsak. Yet, it is still believed that the fort was built by Saa Taf and Lupankosrayawal.

Sorom and His Two Sons

A very long time ago there lived a man at Sansrik by the name of Sorom. He had two sons named Rereki and Rereka. He spent most of his lifetime working with coconut husks to make rope.

One day he told his sons to go out and get some coconut husks for him. When they got to their destination (some place along the shore), they were eaten up by a big fish called Koakoat. The father waited and waited for his sons, but they didn't show up. He started to look for them, but still he couldn't find them.

He decided to go and see the magician named Kayen Taf about this incident. He (the father) started on his journey to Utwa. On his way he met a lady down at Kamang. It was getting dark, and the lady asked him to spend the night with her. So he did. She told him that if he wouldn't accept her offering, he would have a hard time finding Kayen Taf.

Early in the morning next day Sorom awoke and waited patiently for her to braid a flower lei for him. It was their custom to have a flower lei around their neck(s) when they were going to see the magician. After she finished, he took off.

When he met Kayen Taf, he (Sorom) told him about the incident. The magician told him to go back to Sansrik and await him there.

The magician took off with a bunch of clams and sailed out at Utwa harbor. On his way he met a big koakoat; he knocked its stomach and yelled for the sons, but nobody answered. He moved on and met another one at Sansrik. That one started to open up its mouth to eat him up when he finally pushed a stick into its mouth. The fish couldn't eat it. This time he believed that the sons were inside.

He gave them some food to give them strength; also he gave some clams. They used these clams to start cutting inside of that fish. When that fish felt hurt, she swam up to the shore. The two sons jumped out from the fish's mouth.

Sorom was very happy to have them back. In return he had a party for Kayen Taf. This proves the people of Taf and Sansrik are good friends.

Influence of Breadfruit

Once upon a time there was a couple living in Melak. Their name was Nikui. One day Kul, the husband, went up to the mountain. He told his wife to stay in the house until he came back. He had no more than started on his half-mile journey when there came a big storm and suddenly swept off the house with Nikul, his wife, inside. The wind carried her to Pingelap.

When Nikul reached Pingelap, she was very homesick for her husband. Therefore, she collected some breadfruit roots and gave them to some men to carry them to Yesron. These people promised her that they would carry them straight to Yesron. Then they started on their way. It was daytime. They almost reached Utwa before it was getting dark. They decided to throw the roots and push them to Utwa.

On that night there was an old woman fishing along the shore. She snooped [*sic*] up the roots with her net and carried them to Yesron. When she got there, she divided the roots to all the people in Yesron. She had the last one. All the people planted their roots. One day a big surprise came—all the roots died out except hers. When her root grew up, it produced many different kinds of breadfruits. The people of Kusaie went down to Yesron to take some of the branches to plant.

Following are the names of the people who brought breadfruit to Kusaie: Onue, Osumano, Samano, Puui, Puiki, Ansewo, and Sonenka.

Story about a Big Dragon

A long time ago, there was a dragon who lived in a big cave under a hill in Kusrasrik, near Okat. It was a female dragon.

The king went around the island looking for a woman to be his queen. When the king reached Kusrasrik, he saw a girl swimming in the water. The king took her with him to Lelu without asking permission from her mother.

When she didn't get back to the mother's cave for three days, the mother started to wonder where she was. She started looking for her daughter in the neighborhood, but didn't find her. She came down to where her daughter used to go swimming, but still couldn't find her. She suspected that her daughter might have gone southeast toward Lelu. And then she started to go after her. When she reached Finaunpes, she entered the forest and came through at Finpukal. Her efforts made a very big canal which is presently used by the people of Kusaie. She came all the way to Yat.

One day the queen came to the beach. There she found her mother lying against the rocks. She hurried back to the king and told him to build a house for her mother. And so he did. The king had his servants build that house in a short period of time for his mother-in-law (*intalipom*).

In the past a man who married to a girl would not talk to his in-laws. When the house was finished, the king told the queen to have her mother move in. The people celebrated the housewarming with a big feast.

Two days after the feast the queen and some of her servants went washing at Tofol river. The same day, the king wanted to see his mother-in-law because he hadn't seen her for a long time. As he was looking around through the house, a loud voice came down from the very top of the roof and said, "*Iriong intalipon*," (meaning "Look at your mother-in-law"). He was very frightened. He saw that his mother-in-law was a very big dragon when she put out her head from the roof.

He went back to his house and called his men to come and burn his queen's mother's house. The girl's mother was dead. A small piece of her flew up into the air and fell down on the upper part of the queen's thigh. The girl hurriedly told her servants to go back to Lelu at once.

When they got to Lelu, the house was still burning. The queen jumped out of the canoe and ran straight into the fire. Both the king's wife and her mother died.

Story of a Whale

A very long time ago there was a whale who lived in Yesron. She had a daughter. One day this girl went out washing in the river. Nikun and Palu found this girl along the bank of the river. They took her fishing with them. They went up to Tukunsru, their home.

Her mother started to look for her. She couldn't find her in any of the nearby areas. She started crawling westward when she finally found her at Tukunsru. The girl came and asked her what she was doing there, and the mother said, "I came to see you."

One day when the girl went up to the mountain to do some kind of farming, some of the people in the town killed her mother whale and divided the meat among them. When the girl came down, she found a piece of large intestine floating in the water. She took it up and carried it with her to the house. When she got there, she cooked it. While it was still cooking, it started to sing. She remembered the songs that were sung from her mother. The songs reminded her of her mother.

She put a few pieces of that intestine in a small bowl (*alu*). Eventually it formed a small whale. She took it out of the bowl and put it down in a small lake. When the whale gained maturity, she told the girl to go out into the canal and untie all the canoes that were there, leaving only one of them. The girl went out and did what she was told. After she finished, they left Tukunsru.

On their way down they saw a man paddling his canoe. The whale started to slow down. When the man came closer to the whale, the girl told him not to come near to its face, otherwise he would be eaten up. She told him to go to its tail. When he got to the tail, the whale made a big swing and flew him down to the ocean. He was drown and died later.

The harbor at Mwot and Tukunsru was made by the big swing of this whale. She went directly to Lelu and landed there. One day a lady from Tofol came down to the beach to do some fishing and found this whale. She came by and used a vine rope (*owsrae*) to tie its tail. She lied [sic] there until she died and formed the present island of *Lelu.*

Here is the chant sung when the whale was moving in the ocean:

Fin puk elang wo, fin puk
elang wo
Elang wo, elang wo
Fin puk elang wo
Kakla insrae-el pasis kengwo
E nga mu srulwe nga sroe
srulwe
E nga mu srulwe nga sroe
srulwe
E nga mu srulwe nga sroe
srulwe.

Story of Mutunsrem

One day Jese was ordered to seize Nena and deliver him to be executed before the king, for there were some subkings or nobles who were cannibals as well. Jese went on his mission. Finally he seized Nena and told him that he would be delivered before the king.

"Nena, if you go I will go with you," said his brother, Nana. These brothers happened to live in a small section called Nefalil. As they were leaving for Lelu, they stopped at Yemulil and made two wooden knives for themselves. Then they continued on their way. However, they had to build a hut, for the night was drawing near. They stayed overnight at Yoarkun. That night in the hut a small bird (*kulul*) came by. This bird warned them that a ghost was to devour them. Fortunately, Nena understand [sic] the bird's warning. He told Nana that they had to abandon the hut as quickly as they could. They sprang up and rushed out of the hut with their wooden knives in their hands. The ghost had been annoyed when they stopped to make their wooden knives at Yemulil.

As soon as the ghost saw them standing beside the hut, he was enraged. He plunged toward them intending to crush them to death. But Nena and Nana were very alert. They got into the hut as the ghost came crashing with a thud on the ground. His anger grew more and more bitter. Seeing they were inside, he tried once more. In the meantime, however, Nena and Nana stood side by side waiting the ghost at the entrance. They stabbed the neck of the ghost as he was rushing through the entrance. The ghost fell dead. Instead of spending the rest of the night they continued on their journey.

As they approached Lelu, where the king's palace was, they conceived a plan. One of them would get the attention of the guard by asking him questions. And then as he was distracted, the other would approach him from behind and kill him.

The plan was achieved perfectly. The tallest and strongest man who lived in Kusaie at that time was killed mercilessly.

PALAU

Palau and the other islands in the western Carolines have had exposure to a greater variety of foreign influences than have the more remote islands around Kusaie. The first invaders, at least in historic times, were the Spanish and Portuguese. In 1710 the Jesuit missionaries dominated the island. In 1898 the Germans took over but lost the island to Japan in 1914. Palau is now under United States governance as part of the Trust Territory. Yet much of the old way of life persists: Large stone money (as also in Yap) can still be seen beside doorways and on the roadsides; and it still retains value though, of course, American money is the official and most useful medium of exchange. Palauan is still spoken outside the main villages. Character and conduct are molded by folk wisdom in the form of proverbs, in which the values of the culture are codified and preserved. The result is a richness of proverbial wisdom that every child grows up with.

Much has been written about proverbs in this part of the world by anthropologists and folklorists (*10*). Although such sayings are not strictly tales or legends, a sample of them may be appropriate here because they do indicate a narrative approach to traditional values. Some of the best examples were submitted by Isabella Sumang (*7*, *10*), a student at the University of Guam, who learned them as a child in Palau.

> *Ngak a ngit me kau a ngoi*: "I am the asker; you are the getter." This is said to someone who gets everything from you even to the extent of asking for something you have just asked from someone else. He never seems to give you a chance to own something.
>
> *A rreched a youd*: "Haste is delay." Jumping and rushing to something without thought and plan always delays things. Give the thing much thought and move on slowly, but be sure; then you will save the time of going over the thing again and remedying what has not been done right because of haste and lack of thought.
>
> *A isnged a dikmeed ra ngered ediak dengetmii*: "Our nose is so close to our mouth, but we cannot lick it." This is said to someone who is very wasteful, meaning there are times when things are in abundance and within our reach, but we have no means of acquiring them.
>
> *Ngesngaol a dimlo meched*: "Even Ngesngaol dried up." Ngesngaol was a big taro swamp in Palau which produced an abundant supply of taro (Palauan staple) and became a symbol of abundance. But even Ngesngaol dried up. It is used to warn against waste. No matter how much we have now we should not be wasteful, for even the very rich source of abundance may cease to produce.
>
> *Bdochii Mruwar*: "Knocking a fruit down, picking it up yourself." In order to get fruit off the tree, the Palauans sometimes throw sticks or rocks to hit it down, or they will use a long pole to reach the fruit and knock it down. This is called *omdaoch*. Picking the fruit off the ground is *meruu*. There is always a person making the fruit fall to the ground, and there will be others who pick it up. *Bdochii mruwar* is said to a person who is telling a funny story and while doing so laughs or is the first one to laugh at his own story. He does not give his listeners a chance to enjoy and laugh at his story. They are letting him know that he is doing that when they say *Bdochii mruwar*.
>
> *Kemeral mengudel a blachel*: "You are really a chopped-wood gatherer." You have got the *mañana* habit. You pile and pile things up and take so long to get them done.
>
> *Kekora chad re chemai 'l metom ra well metom ra mlai*: "You are like a man of Ngerchemai who missed the turtle and missed the boat." A man of Ngerchemai or Chemai (a village in Koror) went fishing. He had to have his sailboat in just the right direction before he jumped off into the

sea; for if he did not, the boat would be carried away by wind and current so far that he would lose it. But while this man, however, was righting the sailboat, he saw a turtle. "Just the right game," he thought. So he jumped off into the water. As he started swimming after the *well* (turtle), he remembered that the boat was not righted and anchored. He swam back to it, but it was too late. The current was carrying the boat away far and fast. He missed the *well* and missed the boat. Do not attempt two things at one time. Finish one and do the next. [This is depicted on one of the storyboards discussed later in this paper.]

Beltau ra chetim ea chetim amo souam: "Turn to whom you dislike; whom you dislike you will like." Pedro admires Maria and seeks her hand at marriage. Maria dislikes Pedro. Maria's relatives or friends see so much future for Maria with Pedro that they plead with her, "Turn to whom you dislike, whom you dislike you will like." Love is learned.

Akmelungel la bul a langel: "I smell the smell of crying." *Akmelungel la bul a rasch*: "I smell the smell of blood." A mother says, "I smell the smell of crying," when her children are quarreling. She is hinting that pretty soon there will be fighting and crying if they do not stop arguing. When a child plays with sharp things as knives, razors, and the like, the mother says, "I smell the smell of blood," meaning somebody is going to cut and hurt himself.

Telkangel a uchul eng beluu Ngersuul: "Endurance or perseverance is the reason for the existence of the Ngersuul Island." When Palauans work hard under circumstances and thoughts of giving up someone in the group will say, *"Telkangel a uchul eng beluu Ngersuul."* Ngersuul, they say, was always destroyed when a river there flooded. This was a problem to the people of Ngersuul Island because they had to lose their homes, gardens, and things. They decided to turn the course of the river and channel it where it would not be destructive. This was a tremendous task. It took them endless hours, unrelenting effort, and unmatched powers of patience, endurance, and perseverance to finish the job. But it paid. They never did have a single overflow after that. Endure. There is a goal. There is a reward.

A delad a klokled: "Our mother is our possession." When I do not listen to my grandmother, who takes the place of my dead mother, she repeats this saying to me. She means, "The mother is all to the child." She is the child's mainstay from birth as long as she lives. One may lose all his precious things—land, money, position—but the mother he will always have. She is his in joy or sorrow, in wealth or poverty. She is always there to love and understand. Therefore, we should give her our due respect and appreciation. This is how my grandmother explained the proverb to me when I asked her what it meant.

In his book on *Tales from Ulithi Atoll,* Lessa (*9*) notes that "Oceania offers a vast reservoir of material which has barely been tapped by folkloristic research. The literature on this area is both extensive and good. . . . Yet no more than a beginning has been made; the materials for the most part lie fallow. Their real potentialities have only been scratched." This comment becomes all the more relevant when one observes that his collection of 24 tales from Ulithi does not include any reference to the storyboards of nearby Palau.

During their respective occupations of the western Carolines, both the Germans and the Japanese studied and published on the island cultures. Hambruch (*4*), a German, called attention to the architecture and the carved storyboards appearing on some of the buildings. Accurate drawings of the structures were made by Kubary (*5*) in the early 1900s. The ancient Palauan clubhouse, called the *bai*, was unique both in architectural structure and artistic adornment. It served as a council or village meeting place and was the center of learning, politics, and religion and for dancing, feasting, and the lodging of men visiting from other villages. Women were not permitted entrance to the *bai* except on rare occasions, though they did have on a lesser scale their own *bais* or communal club houses.

On the *bai* gables were fastened boards showing figures either carved or painted in brilliant reds and yellows derived from ochre, black made from soot, and white made from lime. The paints were mixed with paranut oil which not only added to the brilliancy in colors but also contributed to the longevity through all kinds of tropical weather. These artistic productions were storyboards depicting scenes from local legends. An entire story—well known, of course, to the native observer—was suggested by the selected, usually climactic, scenes on each board.

"Skillful carving in raised 3-D form," says McCollum (*8*) in a recent study of these boards, "added to the uniqueness of this Pacific art and combined with the colorful paints gave the Palauan *bai* gables, with their picture stories, an important value to the Europeans when they arrived. For not only were these gables artistic and picturesque but they told in picture form the legends and mythology of the villages. After World War II, these picture stories were carved on smaller portable boards for convenient trade on the open market. Today, there are less than a dozen original *bais* left in Palau. Many had been destroyed by typhoons, man's greed, man's desire to control 'inferior' savages, or because *bais* are no longer needed or made." In an effort to revive and perpetuate the art of carving, the government has subsidized artists to recreate these boards, which are now beginning to appear in quantities sufficient to attract tourist trade. Two kinds are available: the boldly colored ones and those carved and polished in rich, brown ironwood.

Although the Palauans, like other island people, have their myths of creation; their legends about local demigods and heroes; and their magicians, ghosts, and supernatural animals, most of the storyboard legends that have survived deal with fighting, the problems of getting food, and the relationship of the sexes. Many of them are *fabliaux*, that is, realistic, erotic, and obscene. They could be told without shame, however, by either sex and to people of all ages. Sex relations, at least until comparatively recent times, were highly permissive in these islands. There were strict ideas among adults, nevertheless, regarding modesty and decorum in matters pertaining to marriage relationships, dress, bathing, elimination, and verbal expressions.

Some of the storyboard legends selected for this paper come from primary sources; others are from among some thirty plot synopses in the repertoire of a woodcarver interviewed by McCollum in 1969; they had been written down, we were told, by "maybe someone in the Peace Corps." They provide the basic text for most of the storyboard carvings to be found in folk art stores throughout Guam and Palau.

Ngirngemelas of Ngaraard

When wars were fought in Palau, there was a time when Ngaraard and Ngiwal were enemies. However, when raids occurred, Ngiwal was always the winner because of the brave man Ngirngemelas. At the same time there was a man in Ngeklau (Ngaraard) called Ngirailemesang who was so ineffective that he could not participate in raids on Ngiwal, and, consequently, he found himself unable to obtain a wife.

Finally, when the talk of a raid was strong in Ngaraard, Ngirailemesang made his own secret preparations to become a war hero. One night before the raid he ran from Ngaraard to Ngiwal and sought out Ngirngemelas. When he found Ngirngemelas, he asked him to help him during the next raid so that he might obtain a wife. Ngirngemelas, for a good price, agreed to help and told Ngirailemesang to look for him near a certain place near the shore when the raiding party from Ngaraard arrived at the point of Ngirair. "When you see me," Ngirngamelas said, "run at me, leaving the raiding party, and when you are close enough I will stick out my foot for you to spear." So Ngirailemesang thanked him and returned to Ngaraard.

In the battle he got a signal from Ngirngemelas and went over and speared him in the foot with a very slight wound. Everybody saw this act of bravery, and Ngirailemesang came home a great hero. After that he had his choice of women in Ngaraard.

—Anonymous (*8*).

The Story of Tulei and Surech

Once upon a time there lived in the village of Ngkeklau, in the Islands of Palau, a very handsome young man named Tulei. Tulei was from a very high clan of his village, but his highness never kept him from being humble and kind. All the people of his village loved and admired him, and every girl longed to be his lover.

At the same time, in the village of Ngiwal, there lived a beautiful maiden named Surech. She was the only child of her parents and was the princess of her village. Every man who had seen or heard about this beautiful girl had come to beg for her hand in marriage. But all to no success.

Surech heard about Tulei, and deep in her heart she fell in love with him. She was always dreaming of the time when they two would meet and fall in love. She made it a habit to go to the sea shore every evening at sunset to dream of Tulei. She could see his village, but the water was too deep for her to go there.

After many days spent at this occupation, she decided to send a message to Ngkeklau where Tulei lived. It said: "Tulei, I'm Surech, the princess of Ngiwal, and I would like to know if you will meet me at Ngirmeriil (a very high place from which the villages could be seen very clearly). I want to discuss some things with you."

Tulei answered that he had also heard of her and wished to be her lover. He arranged the meeting for that very night. That night they met at the assigned place and fell in love. They met there every night after that. And after some time the people of the villages learned of their love affair and were very happy about it.

When the chief (Maderengebuked) of the island of Ngerard, the island where Ngkeklau is located, learned of their love, he ordered Tulei to bring the face of Surech to the *bai* (the chief's house and the village meeting place) so he could see her.

Tulei went home with a heavy heart, for he had misunderstood the order of the chief. That night he went to the meeting place as usual, but he carried with him his axe. He cried as he journeyed to the meeting place.

When he arrived at Ngirmeriil, he found Surech sitting under a palm tree. He wanted very much to turn around and run away, but he could not; for he must do what he had been told to do. He went to her and sat beside her. They talked for a long while; and when Surech felt sleepy, Tulei told her to lie down and rest for awhile.

Just as she closed her eyes, Tulei raised the axe. But as he was about to chop off her head, she opened her eyes and asked if Tulei had stopped loving her. Tulei, whose heart was full of love and much sorrow, explained that the chief wanted her head and that he must carry out these orders.

Surech understood this order because of her love, and asked Tulei to get her a coconut leaf so she could weave a basket for her head. Tulei did this; and while she made the basket, they sang all the songs they knew. But when the basket was finished, they both cried because this was their last time together. Tulei finally asked Surech if she would still love him even if he did this terrible thing to her, and she said that her love was true and that it demanded complete obedience to the wishes of the chief and the people of the village.

Tulei with a heavy heart raised the axe and chopped off the head of his love. He then put it in the basket and started on his long journey. He cried all the way to the *bai*.

As he got to the front of the *bai*, it started raining; so he stood outside and called to the chief that his orders had been carried out. The chief, not knowing what had happened, said for him to bring the girl into the house. Tulei said that her head was too dirty to bring in, but the chief said that since she was such a beautiful girl he could not understand how that could be. Then Tulei explained that her head was bloody because he had chopped it off as directed.

The chief was very angry at these words, and he ran out at Tulei, who ran away with the head as fast as he could to the meeting place. He tried to put Surech's head back on her body but had to leave in a great hurry when the chief's warriors came to investigate. The warriors found the body of Surech and her head, but no trace of Tulei could be found. No trace of him has been found to this day.

[Some say that Tulei really did not misunderstand the chief's order, but he did know that the chief would demand the girl for his own if he brought her to the village. The storyboard usually portrays the young man in the act or just after having cut off Surech's head.]

—Collector: Burl Thurman. Informant:
Elena Bells, a Trust Territory student
from Palau (*8*).

A Shark Tale-Tell

A fisherman and his young brothers went fishing. After they had sailed far outside the reef, they saw a shark swimming on its back. An old superstition says, "Seeing a shark swimming on its back means that one's wife was being unfaithful to him." The man had been a fisherman for a long time and had been at sea most of the time. All the time he was away he was suspecting that his wife was going with another man. This was all true. But no one would tell him who the man was. The man stealing his wife thought himself quite smart after having carried things so far and not being found out. The fisherman had only one evidence that prompted his suspicion. It was his bottle of coconut oil. He would rub the oil on himself after each bath when he came home from fishing. But strange as it seemed to him, each time he came back to use the oil, it would be less than the last time he left it. He knew his wife had her own oil and would not tamper with his. His suspicion was right. The man would always use the oil when he came to see the fisherman's wife. But the fisherman could never learn who the man was that had tampered with his oil, and worse yet, tampered with his wife. Now this was better evidence—the shark's swimming on its back.

"Let us go back," he commanded his brothers.

"But we have not even started fishing. Why should we turn back now?" They could not understand.

They sailed back anyway. He was boiling inside. Who was this man who was outsmarting him? How was he to find out who he was? How could he get even with him? All these thoughts raced through his mind as they sailed home.

It was late in the afternoon, time for fish distribution, when they reached the fishermen's dock. The fishermen's cottage was full of men. A bright idea came to his mind. He took his spear, jumped off the canoe, and aimed at the men in the fishermen's cottage; and as he ran toward them he said, "Now you are getting it!" Only one of the men jumped to his feet and dashed off. He was the guilty one! He pursued him and speared him to death. He had outsmarted the smart one.

—Collector: Isabella Sumang. Informant:
Loretta Marshil (7)

Ngibtal

This is the breadfruit story of the island of Ngibtal near Ngiwal. In this story the female Dirrachedebsungel, after having taught the people of Palau how to grow taro, settled down at Ngibtal as an old woman and was rewarded by the gods who gave her a magical breadfruit tree with a hollow trunk and a broken limb. Up through this tree, with each wave, were driven quantities of fish which landed in Dirrachedebsungel's front yard. The villagers on the island finally grew jealous of the woman and her constant supply of fish so a group of men cut the tree down, perhaps hoping to gain an abundance of fish for themselves. Actually, however, the ocean came up through the hollow stump and flooded the entire island. All the islanders except Dirrachedebsungel were drowned, and she eventually went on, with the name Milad, to give birth to four children who founded the villages of Melekeiok, Koror, Ngeremlengui, and Aimeliik. (The story is easily recognized by the breadfruit tree with the fish emerging from the broken limb.)

—Anonymous (*8*).

GUAM

If local tradition is correct, Guam was discovered by Magellan in 1521. In 1668 the Spanish missionaries came, and Catholicism was firmly established. In 1898 Spain ceded Guam to the United States and sold the other islands in the Marianas to Germany, who held them until 1914 when they were given to Japan. Guam remained a U.S. possession until 1941, when the Japanese seized the island and occupied it until 1944. Now enjoying full territorial status, Guam aspires to statehood some day. The people are still Micronesian, though there has been much intermarriage with Spanish, Japanese, Filipinos, and more recently Caucasian-Americans. Of the nearly 100,000 people on Guam, about one-third are U.S. military personnel and their families. English is spoken throughout the island, of course, but *Chamorro* is still the vernacular among the folk.

One of the commonest stories on Guam, to be found in hundreds of versions, is about the Taotaomona. The Chamorro translation of the word is "The people of the before time" or "Great-great grandfather." Taotaomonas are the mythical ancestors of the present Guamanian people, but some are believed still to survive and live in the jungles. They are capable of miraculous feats of strength; they can also cause sickness and even death to befall anyone who offends them. The easiest way to incur their anger is to urinate or defecate in the jungle without first asking the Taotaomona's permission. They can take various forms, human or animal, and sometimes show themselves as headless humanoid monsters or hideous hairy creatures with ferocious teeth. They lure children away from home, cause accidents, create suspicion and distrust among people, and rule their respective jungle territories with savage fury. Only the witch doctor can cure the sickness they cause. But one can escape their wrath by ritualistically asking permission to use their jungle. Sometimes one can get a Taotaomona to remove its curse by returning to the scene of the offense and asking forgiveness.

Though usually male, the Taotaomona may be either sex. When so disposed, they can be helpful and kind, endowing superhuman strength upon an individual they like. But most of the stories deal with the spirit's evil nature. It would be safe to assume that every native Guamanian has heard stories about the Taotaomona, and most natives know people who have had some experience with one.

Taotaomona Causes Sickness

Well, I don't say that I believe in them, but then again I wouldn't say that I don't believe in them, either. A lot of people don't believe in them. The belief is that in the jungle you must be careful not to make them mad at you. For instance, if you have to "go" in the jungle, you have to ask their permission first. If you don't, they punish you. One man having a picnic "went" out in the jungle, and he didn't ask permission first; so when he came back to eat, what he did was in the food.

I don't know how true that is, but I can tell you a true experience. This happened to my daughter. She was just a little girl then. She got sick in her throat and chest. We thought it was just a cold, but she got worse. She couldn't hardy [sic] breathe. We took her to the doctor, but he couldn't find anything wrong with her. She got worse, and we took her to other doctors. They said, "Your daughter is critical, but we can't find anything wrong." So we took her back home, and we found out that a few days earlier she had been playing with the other children. One boy was chasing her. She ran out in the jungle because she had to "go." She was in a hurry and didn't think to ask permission of the Taotaomona. There was an old woman in our town who knew about such things. She came in, and she told us what the trouble was. Then she gathered some special kind of wood—I don't know what it was, but it was supposed to make a very hot fire but not much ash. Then she took some of these ashes. I don't know what all she did, but she put something on the girl's chest and throat. The girl went right to sleep. And the next morning she was well. We took her back to the doctor the next day, and she went into his office dancing and singing to show how well she was.

—Collector: Hector Lee. Informant: Juan Torres (*6*).

Taotaomona as Grandfather

A little girl less than five years old was playing around the woods in the backyard. She went too far into the boonies and met Taotaomona in the shape of her grandfather. She went with her grandfather.

Her family looked for her and even reported her as a missing person. They knew whom to go to if the law could not find her. They went to the witch doctor, and he told them that the grandfather must ask for forgiveness because he had done something against the Taotaomona. He didn't know what he had done, but he did it for the sake of his granddaughter. They went to the area where she had been playing, and he asked forgiveness.

Later on they went searching in the same place they had been searching for three days, and they found her in a depression under a rock.

When they found her, she wasn't frightened or aware that they were looking for her. They asked her what she had eaten for three days. She said she had eaten chicken soup. Then they asked who had given her the chicken soup, and she said it was her grandfather. She said she went so far from the house because her grandfather called her. The family never did know what was the offense.

—Collector: Elizabeth Moore. Informant: Victoria Cruz (6).

Getting the Taotaomona's Permission

When a person is in the jungle and needs the Taotaomona's permission to use his domain, he must first ask. The formula, which is well known in Guam, is as follows:

Guelo yan Guela,	Male Head of the Jungle and Female Head of the Jungle,
Despensa yo ge tano mo	I request permission (or forgive me) in your territory
Sa te hu taka E tano ho.	Because I can't reach my own territory.

—Collector: Hector Lee. Informant: Fred de la Cruz (6).

Particularly popular among the young people of Guam is the story of Sirena (or Sisirena) the Mermaid. It carries a moral, which no doubt makes it useful to parents, but it also provides an explanation of a phenomenon that has perplexed credulous people the world over—the origin of that alluring species we call the mermaid.

Sirena

Very long ago, there resided in Agana a family with three beautiful daughters. The youngest was the most lovely of the three, and her name was Sirena. Sirena loved nature, and she was especially fond of swimming. She never let a day go by without a swim in the river near her home. When she was sent on errands, she first would dip into the water to swim, and again on her way back from these errands she would stop and plunge herself into her favorite swimming hole.

One day Sirena was sent to fetch coconut shells, the things our ancestors used to heat the iron; and as usual she stopped for a swim. She swam so long that her mother became very impatient with her. In her anger, the mother related what Sirena had been doing to Sirena's godmother, who owned half of Sirena. She then cursed, "Would that my daughter be turned into a fish." The godmother, fearing that the curse would really work, said, "Leave the half of her that belongs to me."

Still in the water, Sirena began to feel a change in the lower part of her body. To her horror she became half fish and half woman. [According to many versions without the godmother, the girl is partly out of the water when the curse is uttered. The part out of the water, therefore, was not affected and remained human.] Sirena was unable to leave the water. Her mother, learning about the incident, repented the curse; but it was too late. She couldn't break the curse if she tried.

Sirena drifted along and on to the ocean, but not leaving the island. Many people have tried vainly to catch her. They could only see her up on a rock crying, and that was all.

Once Sirena said her parting words, and her mother heard her; and with this she cried, and Sirena disappeared among the waves and was never seen near Guam again. Stories have been told about Sirena in different ways. Some say when she sang, vessels would stop and listen to her. It is believed Sirena can be caught only with a net made of human hair. "Sirena" is now a Chamorro word meaning "Mermaid." Is there such a thing?

—Collector: Don Soker. Informant: Bernadita Siongo (*8*).

Popular among tourists to Guam, and especially valuable to promoters of travel and the chamber of commerce, is the legend of Amantes Point. Lovers leaping from cliffs provide romantic story material throughout America, especially in places where an Indian maiden could be found to play the legendary role. This Guamanian story fits the norm, with appropriate variations, of course. It has been published widely in local publications, but the version here is the way one young man wrote it for the folklore archive in 1969.

The Two-Lovers Point

In a small village near Tumon Bay, there was a beautiful Chamorro girl who fell in love with a very handsome Chamorro boy. They had been in love ever since their childhood days. The girl's parents would not permit them to marry because the boy was poor. Instead, the girl's parents wanted their daughter to marry the captain of the Spanish troops because he was wealthy and rich. The parents arranged the marriage with the captain, but the girl did not want to marry him because she loved the Chamorro boy and not the fat Spanish captain.

The girl met with her lover at the top of the cliff above Tumon Bay. The two lovers talked about the situation of the girl's parents' arranging the marriage with the Spanish captain. The girl said, "I would rather die than marry the captain, whom I don't love."

The young boy also said, "I would rather die than lose you." Both lovers were willing to do anything that would keep them from losing each other. They decided to meet on the wedding day at their meeting place, the cliff above Tumon Bay.

When the wedding day came, the parents of the girl, the Spanish captain, and his troops were all angry at the girl's disappearance. They all went out desperately searching for the girl and the boy. The captain and his troops later found the two lovers at the top of the cliff. But before they could reach them, the girl tied her long hair around the boy's neck; they hugged each other and leaped off the cliff into the sea. [Some say they both had long hair, which they tied together.]

—Collector: Don Soker. Informant: Joaquin Guzman (*8*).

One of the most beautiful stories told on Guam is that of the miracle of Our Lady of the Barn or Santa Marian Camarin. It is devoutly believed; its historicity is not questioned. The lovely statue does exist and may be seen by all visitors to the Cathedral in Agana. As a story, it belongs with the best of the saint legends in the Catholic world.

Our Lady of the Barn

Say, folks, would you like to hear something about a priceless possession of the people of Guam, the Statue of Santa Marian Camalin? Tradition has it that a fisherman out in the water between Merizo and Dano in the early 1800s was out fishing and saw something floating in the water. It looked like a statue of Our Lady. [According to most versions, "A naked fisherman went out one night with his net to fish and saw two lighted candles carried by a giant crab in its claws. The crab was guarding a beautiful statue" (*6*).] So he cast his net and tried to catch it. He did not succeed after many attempts. Then he noticed that he wasn't properly clad. He was only wearing very little clothing as some sort of G-string. Then he returned home and told what he saw in the water and his failure to procure it. So he put on his clothes and went out again to try his luck. This time he succeeded. He brought the statue ashore. As time went on, the statue came to the hand of the alcalde or the officer in charge, sort of a mayor of the area.

As time went on, the governor's residence was changed from Umatac, which was then the sort of a capital. When the capital was moved to Agana, the statue also went along with the soldiers under the charge of the alcalde. And it was placed in Agana behind the barracks in a barn-like structure called the *camalin*. That's how the name Santa Marian Camalin happened to be given to the statue, the Statue of Our Lady. One time one of my grandmother's brothers, who was a grand uncle, would tell us at night something that happened to the soldiers who were stationed in Agana in the barracks. What happened during their prayer hours? He said that every evening the soldiers would gather together to say their night prayers in the *camalin* where the statue was placed in a niche. At times the soldiers were praying irreverently having had too much *toba* [an intoxicating drink made from coconut palm sap]. And when they prayed irreverently [or used profanities], the statue would turn itself and face inward showing her back to the soldiers. Other times she would just close the door of the niche.

Another tradition was the appearance of dew early in the morning at the bottom of her dress. The bottom of her dress would be wet with dew, and grass stickers would be found also, as if the Lady had been walking out in the lawn. This time the soldiers thought that she would be out blessing the people who had been up early in the morning when they heard the church bell ring, the alba. That was the custom of the time. . . .

Another tradition was that the guard in the governor's place would be keeping watch of the place, and he would have a gun with him all the time. And when any person passes by the place, he would ask, "Quen vivos?" or "Who lives?" and the person passing would have to answer or he would be shot. And he would have to answer, "Espania." This time it was a lady; a beautiful lady was passing, and the soldier asked, "Quen vivos?" and no answer came. So when no answer came, he shot at the figure. And the lady just disappeared. . . .

When the Spanish-American War ended and Guam became a possession of the United States, the American governor turned the statue over to the Catholic Church, taken care of by Father Jose Palomo . . . the only Catholic priest on the island when the Americans took over. . . .

How did it survive World War II? When Agana was bombarded . . . the Japanese wanted to use all the churches as their offices or as their ammunition warehouses. And all the statues had to be removed. It happened that the Torres family had a daughter by the name of Mariquita, and she was the prefect of the Sodality of Mary, and she had been taking care of the statue at the time she was the prefect. So she was given the charge to take care of the statue then. All through the war she took very good care of the statue, many times carrying it along with her when they moved from one place to another. And after the war it was still intact; no harm had ever come to the statue.

Would you like to hear about the fire of the float on December 8, the first December 8 after World War II? Well, there was an evening procession then, and the statue was placed on a float. And as attendants there were sort of maidens or flower girls around the float and the float was being drawn by some Holy Name men, some nice young boys. And after the procession there was to be a mass at the Plaza de Espana. And the

"Kiosko" was the place where they held the mass, and the float was just placed along side the "Kiosko." And during the mass one of the girls, one of these maids who was carrying lighted candles, accidentally dropped her candle and ignited the float decorated with cotton, which is highly flammable; and the float caught fire within a few seconds. Everything was in flame.

I was there, and I saw the incident. I was really scared. I thought the statue would be all burned down; but no, it wasn't even touched by a single flame, not even the hair. The statue had natural hair coming down to her ankles. And it wasn't even touched by the fire. . . .

Collector: Sister Mary Thomas. Informant:
Remedios L. G. Perez (7:236-240).

It has been the purpose here only to present a few examples of narrative lore from but three islands of the far-flung Micronesian cultural groups. It remains for folklorists to collect systematically from both primary and secondary sources a significant body of these stories, to examine them in terms of comparative analogues from other islands and to relate them to the various theories of meaning currently recognized by students in this field. Meanwhile, it is hoped that teachers and others concerned with children's literature will find in these samples some indication of the storytelling artistry of these too-little-known people.

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